

STAR
TREK III

SPACE
SHUTTLE

SHUT-
UPS

SAVING
MONEY

SUPER
POSTER

BUY



ME!

CRACKED

★
S M
14254

JANUARY
1985

No. 209

\$1.25

WE TURN ON
MUSIC
VIDEOS...



...and
Gremlins

OFFICIAL LOOK



1. MERCURY
2. VENUS
3. EARTH

4. MARS
5. JUPITER
6. SATURN

7. URANUS
8. NEPTUNE
9. PLUTO

CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

ROBERT C. SPROUL, publisher

BILL SPROUL, editor

JOE CATALANO, contributing editor

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MICK STUPP, prouph raedre

SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor

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Carefully detach complete cover at staples and poster
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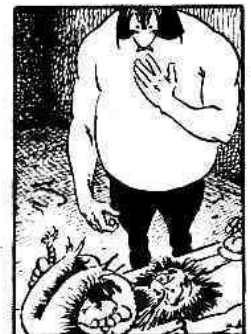
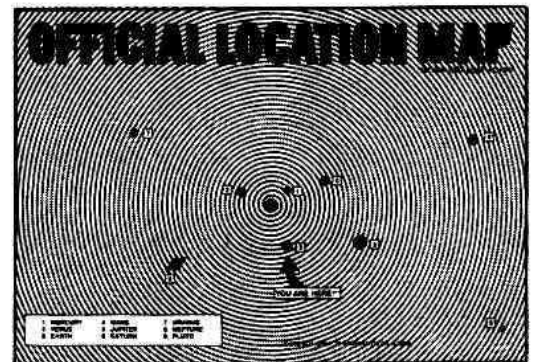
CRACKED Magazine (USPS 801 000) is published monthly except February, April and June by Major Magazines, a division of Candar Publishing Corporation, 239 Park Avenue South, Suite 5D, New York, N.Y. 10003. Single copy price \$1.25. Canada and foreign \$1.25. Subscription (9 issues) in the United States and possessions is \$9.00; outside U.S.A. \$12.00. Subscription orders, inquiries concerning subscriptions and change of address to be sent to: CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 1160, Dover, New Jersey 07801. Mailing labels should accompany inquiries and change of address advice. Allow 10 weeks for processing subscriptions and for effective response to above. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE is paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 1160, Dover, New Jersey 07801. Copyright © 1985 by Major Magazines, a division of Candar Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in the U.S. Patent Office. Publisher cannot be responsible for unsolicited letters, manuscripts or artwork although every effort will be made to return such matter when accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES.



JANUARY 1985 No. 209

WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

Doesn't it figure? Just as **Sylvester** has the **biggest stars** in music for our first music video, these nasty **gremlins** sneak in and ruin everything !!!



LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 239 PARK AVENUE SOUTH SUITE 5D, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

The following CRACKED readers were selected as Official CRACKED Reporters for this issue ... CONGRATULATIONS!!

Pierre Brennan
Vincent Vega
Cindy Couch
Eric Myers
Bobby Vigh
Tom Gastall
Jason Boehm
Tanya Toews
Ronnie Benton
Rene Veilleux
David Saylor
Jeff McKay
Mike Hedrick
Heather C. Parks
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Jenny Sides
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Andrew Hood
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Mike Wiggins
Bridget Grant
Matthew Whitehair
Chico Mende
Angel Gonzalez
Todd Gilmore
Jeff Lane
James Testerman
Michele Cate
Erin Madorsky
Stacy Talerico



Hey CRACKED READERS—
Here's your chance to be an Official CRACKED Reporter. Let us know your 3 favorite TV shows and win a chance of possibly having your name appear in a future issue of CRACKED.

My 3 favorite shows are

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail this coupon to:
CRACKED MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 8548
Madeira Beach, FL 33738



Dear CRACKED,
Why'd you call Short Round, Bottom Round in your INDIANA JONES satire?

Linda Erf
Boston, Mass.

Dear Linda,
Because the kid had such a MEATY role.

Dear CRACKED,
THE FALLING GUY had me falling ... off my chair with laughter, that is.

Greg McCartney
St. Louis, MO

Dear Greg,
Really? Maybe you should install seatbelts on all your furniture to prevent further accidents.

Dear CRACKED,
THE CAMP GOTCHAMONEY NEWS was probably the funniest thing you guys have ever done.

Paul Whitely
Charles Town, W. VA.

Dear Paul,
No. We feel walking into our publisher's office with a live moose and asking for a raise was far funnier. (By the way, the moose got a raise ... we didn't).

Dear CRACKED,
For 2 years I've been waiting to see my name in print. So when's it going to happen?

J----- L-----
Long Beach, CA

Dear J—,
As soon as you get yourself a phone. Six months later, if you play your cards right, you'll see your name in print—in the phone book!!

Dear CRACKED,
THE CRACKED LENS focused in on some big laughs last issue. Ever wonder where you guys would be if that feature hadn't developed?

Elwood Czerwinski
Round Lake, Utah

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2C1852

CRACKED FAN CLUB SECRET MESSAGE

PFH HGPMO WUHXNOB
XMOXVHL, FA WOBH
AFT, JOW PJH AHT
SBNU PJH SOXHW
DFOML IOYH NAWNLH.

Dear Elwood,
We *shutter* just thinking about it.

Dear CRACKED,
I was very disappointed that your magazine didn't satirize STAR TREK: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK or GREMLINS last time out. Are you ignoring these movies or are they just too hard for your writers and artists to do?

Ernesto Perriloto
Berryville, Ark.

Dear Ernesto,
Hard! We can do anything!! We accept the challenge! Look inside this issue!

Dear CRACKED,
One of the plants in my house was starting to wilt so, in an attempt to save it, I began reading to it articles from CRACKED and do you know what happened? Oh, the plant still died, but I had so much fun reading your magazine that I really didn't care.

Lianne Forney
St. Louis, MO

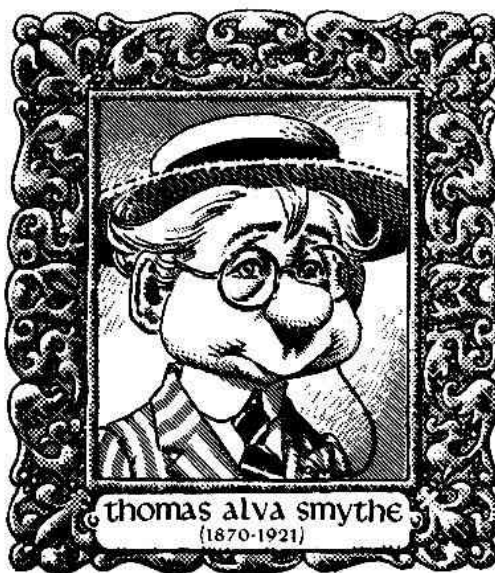
Dear Lianne,
Thanks, but probably the reason your plant didn't make it was because you were reading the articles to yourself instead of out loud.



**NEXT ISSUE—
CRACKED #210
ON SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
DEC. 11th, 1984**

SLIDING DOWN THE FAMILY TREE

A CONTINUING HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF SYLVESTER

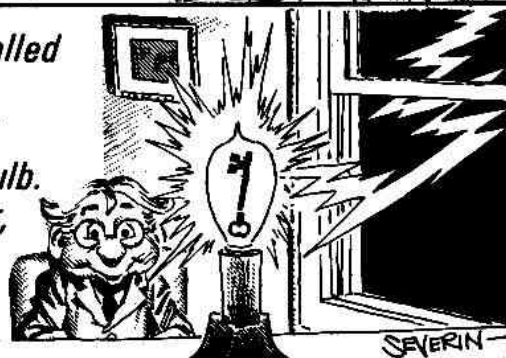


Thomas Smythe, who lived during the late 1800's, set out to invent the first, long-life bulb. After ten years of experimenting, he unveiled his first design.

The idea was correct, but the bulb was not, since the fireflies soon died.

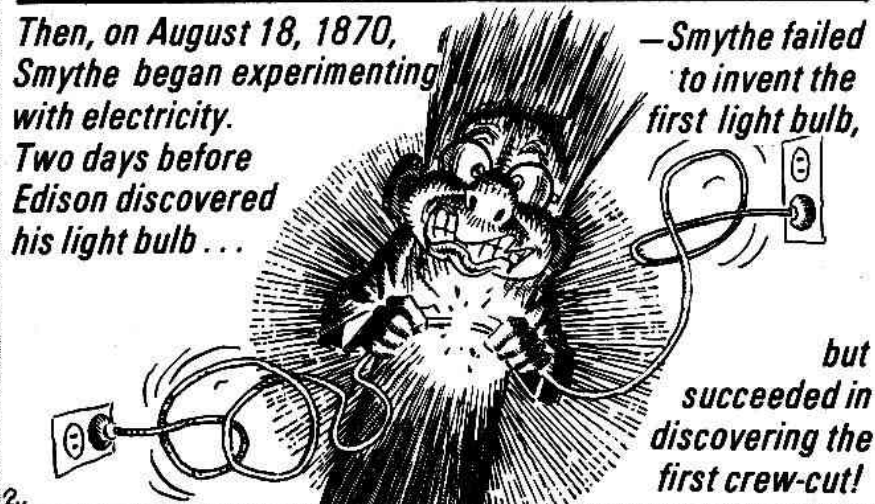


Undaunted, Smythe recalled the experiment of Ben Franklin, and then tried placing a key inside a bulb. This prototype, however, worked only under certain conditions.



Then, on August 18, 1870, Smythe began experimenting with electricity. Two days before Edison discovered his light bulb...

—Smythe failed to invent the first light bulb,



but succeeded in discovering the first crew-cut!



Let me introduce myself. The name is Alsoran Seltzer and I'm an inventor. Want a juicer that can take 2 dozen oranges, ruin them and produce only pulp? Then call on me. Anyway, my story begins in Chinatown. Christmas was coming and I was looking for an unusual present for my kid that could also be turned into a blockbuster movie. Well, I found it. Only trouble was, everyone coming to see my flick was expecting another heartwarming E.T. However, when the audience found something quite different on the screen, that's when we started hearing lots of

GRUMBLINS

Psst. Mister. Here's that strange pet that you wanted to buy from my grandfather.

But I thought he didn't want to sell the mogwump? He kept saying "no" and insisted I buy the Ronco Lo Mein Noodle Maker instead.

Yeah, well, we need the money. Anyway, there's a couple of things you should know about Glizmo—that's his name. Make sure you keep him out of light, keep him away from water, **never** feed him after midnight and, most importantly, don't start merchandising stuffed dolls of him until **after** this movie has been around awhile. This way, everyone seeing the flick will go "oooh" and "aahh" when he's first shown on the screen. Got that?

Right.

Now if you'll excuse me, I've gotta get back.

To your grandfather?

No, to the set of "Indiana Jones." I'm Short Round's understudy.



Evening, Bully. Have a hard day at the bank?

Yeah. Everytime I tried to talk to Cootie, that female teller I've been trying to date, some customer would come in and interrupt me. **Geesh!** Can I help you with dinner, mom?

Well, you could get some milk from your father's "Instant Milk Machine."

SELTZER
SALAD DRESSING
MAKER

BDONG!
BDONG!

I don't know about dad and his inventions. I mean some of them are so strange—like his glow-in-the-dark sheets so you can find your bed after you turn out the light.

Perhaps, but your father really is an amazing man. Who else could fail to sell a **single** invention and yet **still** keep his family in a big beautiful house like this?



Hey, everyone!
I'm home!

Hi, dad. What's that?

Your Christmas present. However, it's not gonna keep until the 25th, so open it now. I think you're really gonna like it.

Did you invent it yourself?

Sorry son, but I had to **buy** it.

Wow! Then I'll probably **love** it.

Will you look at **this!!**

Hey!! The Chinese kid was **right**. Just **listen** to that reaction from the audience.

Let me take his picture.



Oooh. Aahh! Oooh!

Gee! He reacts to being photographed even worse than the Mafia!

It's the light. There's a couple of things you gotta know about Glizmo. They're all right here.

Hi, Bully. Here's the Christmas tree your dad ordered.

Thanks. Say, how'd you like to come upstairs and see the new pet my father got me?

What if I say no?

We hire another kid actor who does.

Well then yes.

My gosh. That little furry thing is even more **complicated** than my PC Junior.



IF YOU WOULD LEARN TO PRAY... FIRST TAKE A SFT.



BONK!

There he is.

Wow!! He's great.
And I'm sure I'd like
him even better if I
could see him.

He doesn't like
bright light, but I
guess a little
wouldn't hurt.

justinman@archive.org

THE EASIEST GUY TO FOOL IS YOURSELF!

Gee. He is neat
and . . . oh,
sorry . . . What
was that I just
spilled on him?

A glass of Pepsi. My mom
always said soda was bad for
your **teeth**, but I had no
idea it reacted like that on
the **rest** of your **body**.



Oh my
gosh!

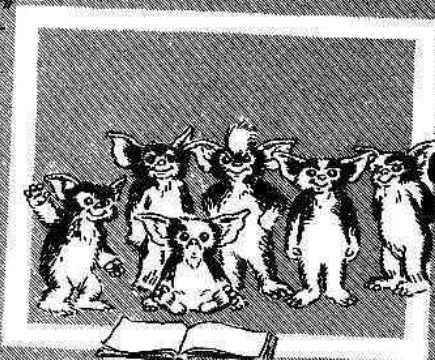
By any chance have you
been feeding this thing
uncooked popcorn?



LOOK!!
Five!!

Too bad the same thing doesn't happen when
you drop Pepsi on a dollar bill!

Perhaps I should take Glizmo to my old biology
teacher. He might know what's going on.



Mr. Handsome, I thought you'd
be interested in what **happens**
to this mogwump when I put two
drops of water on his back.

Is this like one of them
Roloids commercials
showing how much
stomach acid the tablet can
absorb?



No, sir. Watch.

Ta da!!

What the
. . . Do you
mind if I keep
this and study
him?

Sure. Just as long as you don't let
Mr. Larson, the chem teacher near
him. You know what a **drooler** that
guy is. Two minutes around him and
we'd end up with **millions** of these.

Cootie!! It's me. Bully. We work at the bank together.
So tell me. Would you like to go out on a **date**
Thursday?

I'd **love** to. Think your
friend Matt is **free** then?

I meant with **me**.



Oh.

I don't know why I keep striking out with women.

Food! Food! Food!



You guys hungry? Well, it is **before** midnight. Here. Have some chicken. What could **possibly** happen?

Mr. Handsome, the mogwumps **tricked** me into feeding them last night. They set my clock back 36 minutes and this morning, when I woke up, I found . . .

. . . This black cocoon. My mogwumps accidentally ate after midnight **too**.

So what does it **mean**?

As best as I can tell using the knowledge that I've acquired as both a scientist and frequent viewer of late night horror movies, the animals are undergoing a metamorphosis. I fear they'll soon re-emerge as something else.



Heavy!

So, how we doin' this morning Gliz? Doin' a little exercise? What are these? . . . Oh, don't tell me Bully's been letting his **dirty laundry** pile up again!! I'll just . . . what's going on? . . . Oh my...



AHHHHH! **Glizmo!!** What **ugly** brothers you have!!

The better to eat you my dear.



Mom! Mr. Handsome is **dead**. Those new creatures from Glizmo are **evil!!** Stay away from them.

You're a little **late** son.

OH MY GOSH!! Mom!! Is there anything I can do?

Well, you could track down the school's home ec. teacher and see if she has a good recipe for microwaved mugwump.



Hang on. I'll be **right** there.

OHhhh!

I'm rolling around with a Christmas tree on top of me! Does this **look** like **o.k.** to you?

Mom!
You
o.k.?!?



Oh no! The **striped** one, who I believe is the Grumblins' ring leader, just hopped out the window. I've gotta take Glizmo and track him down.

Do what you have to son. I'll just lie here and wait for your father to come home and invent a **tree lifter**.



The striped Grumblins footprints led into this Y.M.C.A. Hmmm. Maybe he wanted to work out. Or . . . **No!!** The **pool!** He **dove** into the pool to **multiply!** And even worse!! I bet he didn't even take a shower first like the sign says!

PLEASE SHOWER BEFORE ENTERING POOL

BLURBLE-BLOOP-BLIP!

Next put bolt "I" into slot "G".

Officer! There are **hundreds**, maybe **thousands** of Grumblins heading for our town.

Grumblins? Didn't American Motors discontinue that car?

BUILD-IT YOURSELF AUTO KIT

POLICE PATROL CAR

They're **not** cars. They're **creatures!** And you've **got** to do something! **Right now!** Before they **destroy** this **whole dull town!!**

Mildred, where's the stuff we're having for Christmas dinner tomorrow?

In the freezer, Fred. Wanna take it out so it defrosts in time.

O.k.

Ahhh! Mildred, how **many** times have I told you to make sure the meat you buy is **dead!!**

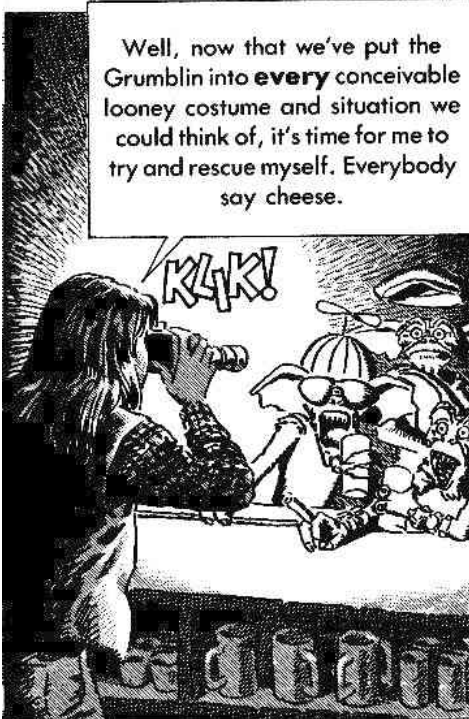
Great! The police didn't believe me and now the Grumblins are everywhere including the restaurant where Cootie is working part time. I hope she's o.k.

WART AND MOLE RESTAURANT



And I thought when the truckers came in and got rowdy that **they** were bad!!

Doesn't this remind you of the Star Wars Canteena scene?



Well, now that we've put the Grumblin into **every** conceivable looney costume and situation we could think of, it's time for me to try and rescue myself. Everybody say cheese.

K4K!



Cootie! Are you **all** right?

Oh, Bully! It was **awful!** Not **one** of them **tipped!**

The streets are empty. I wonder where they could have all gone?

Look!! The movies!!

Strange. I wonder why they'd all go to a movie on Christmas Eve?

Probably because that's the only nightlife there is in this boring town.



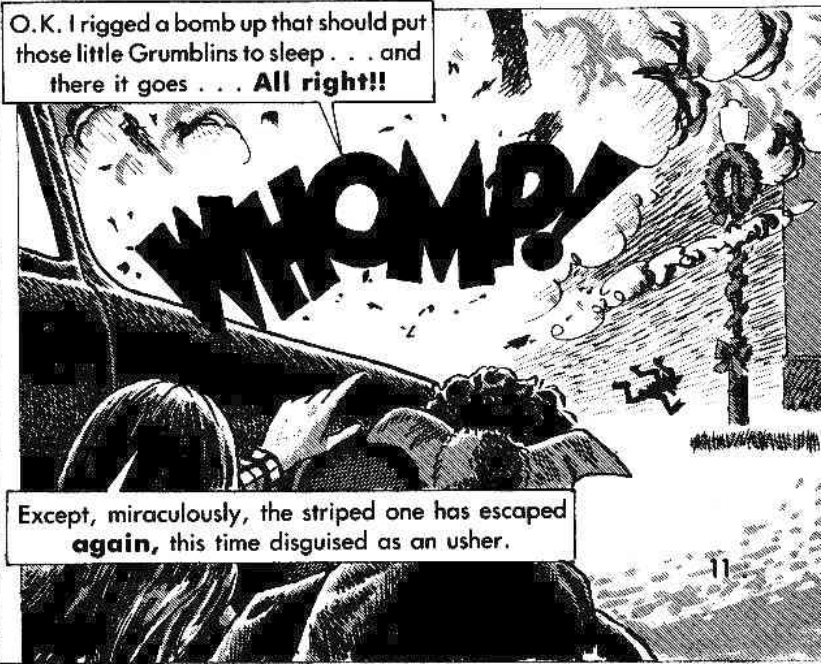
THE BEST WAY TO ENTERTAIN MOST PEOPLE IS TO NOTEN TO THEM!



What are they watching?

What else!? A **Steven Spielberg Film Festival!!**

O.K. I rigged a bomb up that should put those little Grumblins to sleep . . . and there it goes . . . **All right!!**



Except, miraculously, the striped one has escaped **again**, this time disguised as an usher.

I saw him sneak into this department store. We've got to **stop him** before he gets to water.

Or to ladies coats. There's a darling down jacket I've had my eye on and if he ruins the only size 6 they have, I'll die!

TODAY ONLY
1/2 OFF
ON ALL
1983
DEPARTMENTS

There he is! In the gourmet food section and . . . **oh no!!** He's about to open a bottle of Perrier and stick his toe in.

Fool! Doesn't he know what that stuff **costs**?

GOURMET FOODS →

Wait!! Glizmo!!
Come back!!

It's a good thing that since I arrived at Bully's I've been watching Knight Rider and The A-Team.

Gliz!! Watch out!! He's got the bottle open!!

Light!! **AHHH!**
I'm melting!!

BUBBLE! BUBBLE!

Shades of "The Wizard of Oz!"

Well, I'm glad that's **over**.

Bully, are you o.k.? I'm sorry I had to be at the inventor's convention and miss all this.

Yeah, Dad. I believe **that** one! **Lots** of places hold conventions on **Christmas Eve**.

Excuse me, but I believe you have something of mine.

The mogwump!
I'm afraid I'll have to take it back.

Don't tell me Detroit's even **recalling** mogwumps now?

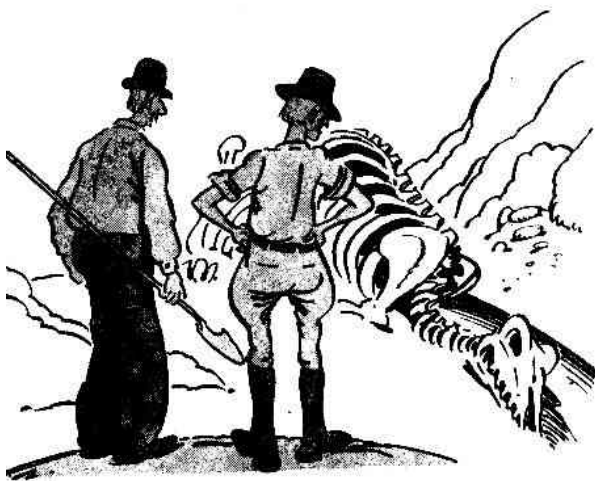
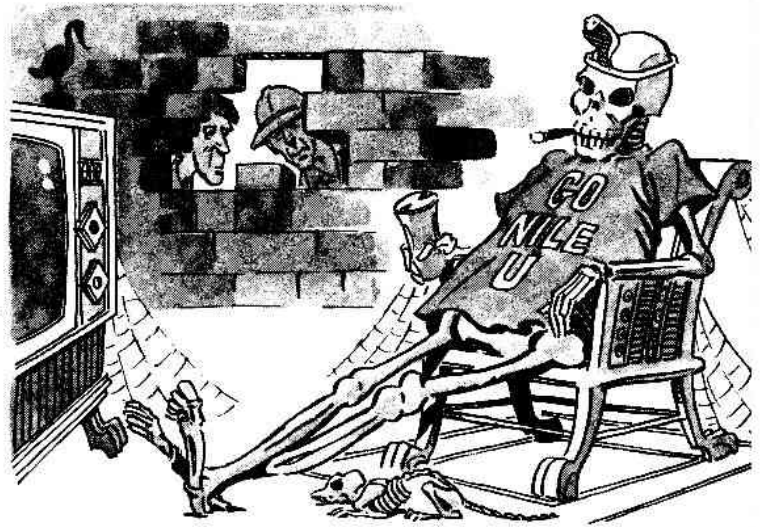
As I feared, you didn't know how to use the animal correctly.

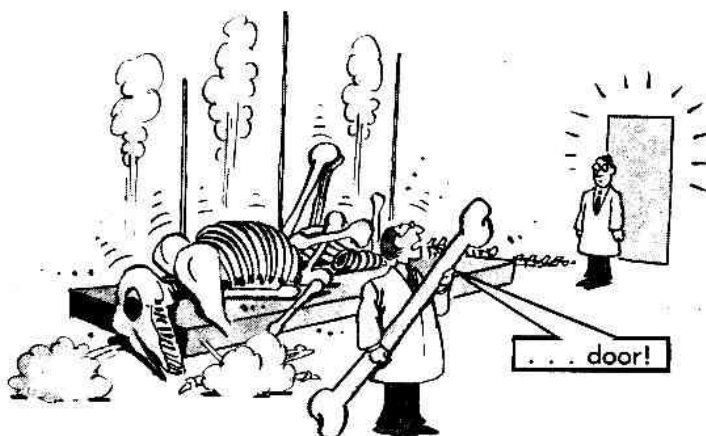
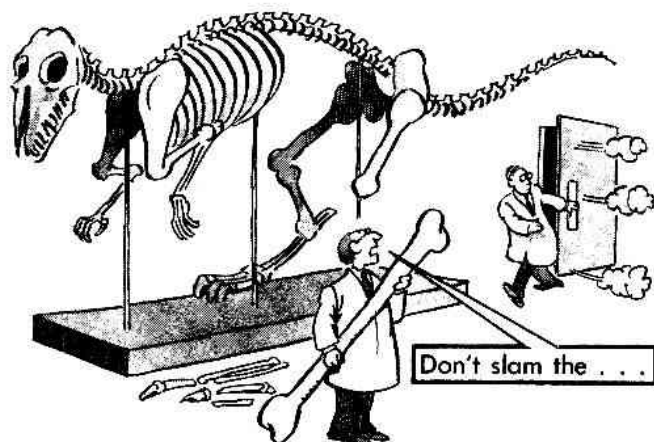
Didn't know how to use him **correctly!**
Are you **crazy!!**

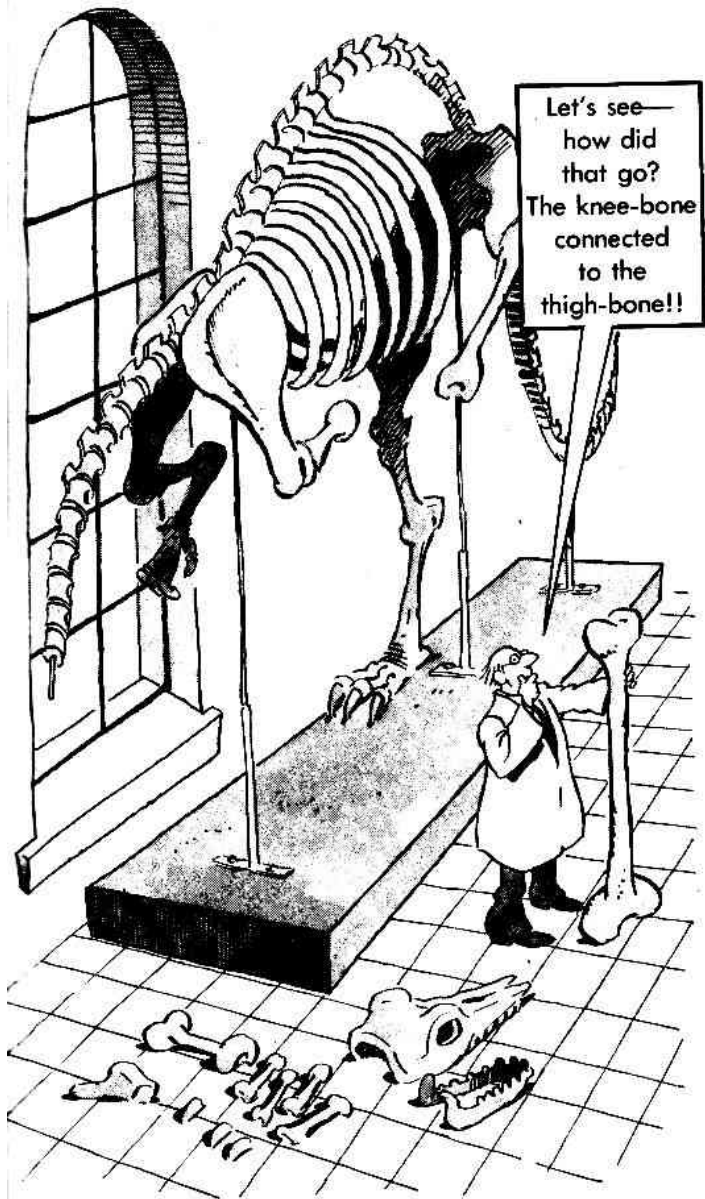
We put him into the lead of a movie that's had people lining up at theaters all across the country. He's made a **fortune** for us. Now, if that isn't **using** this mogwump the **right way**, then I don't know what is.

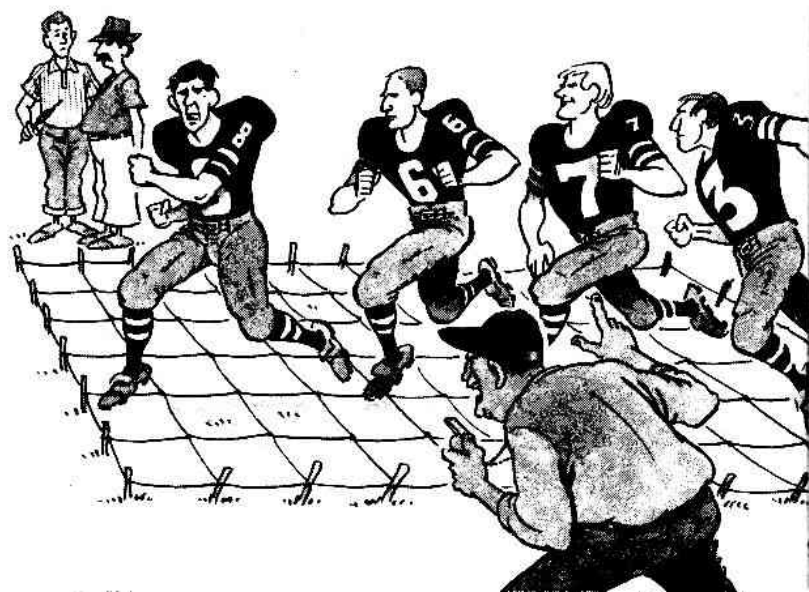
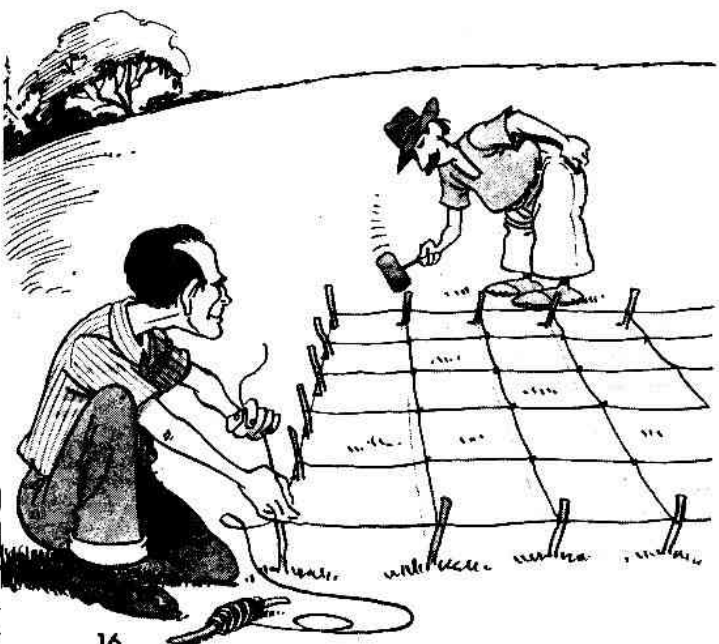
THE END

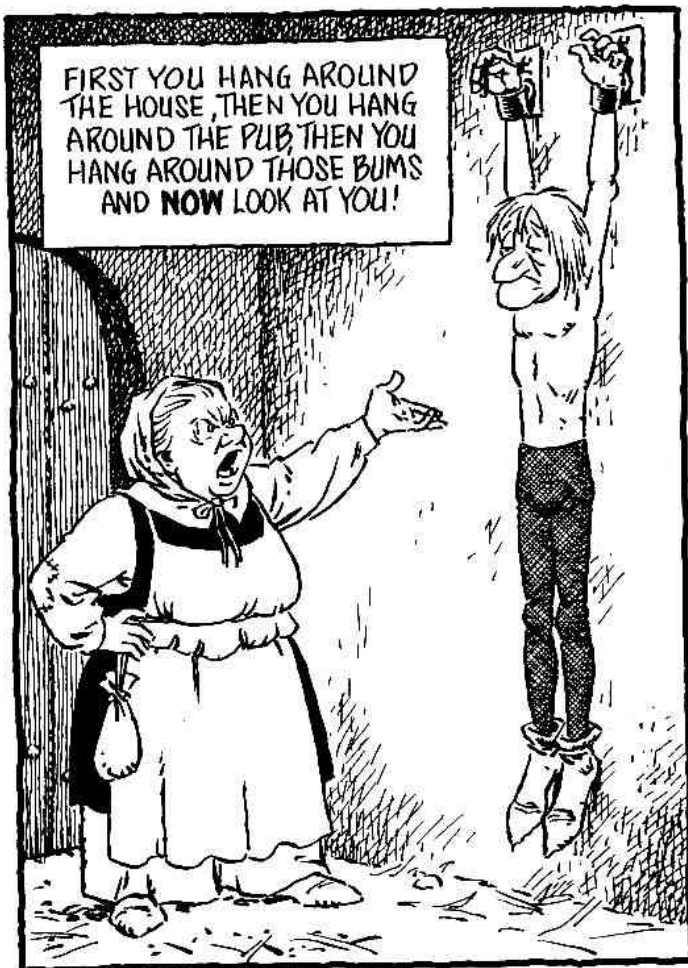
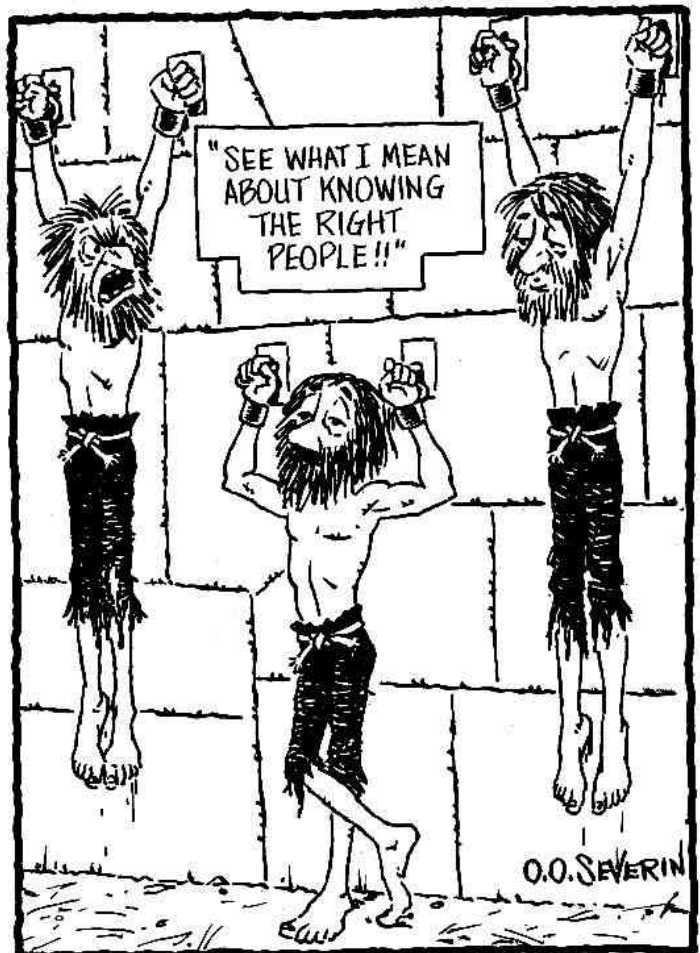
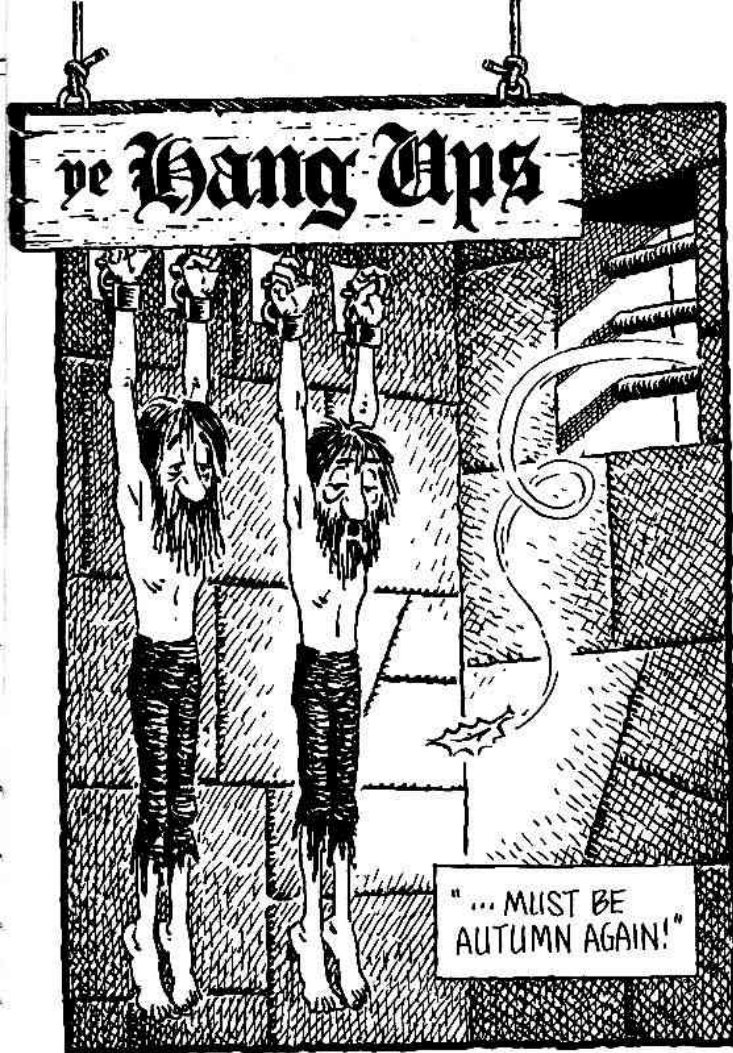
CRACKED LOOKS AT ARCHAEOLOGY











ABSOLUTELY, UNQUESTIONABLY, POSITIVELY,
UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF

THE CRACKED LENS

(and we really, really mean it this time, for sure!) Part XXVIII



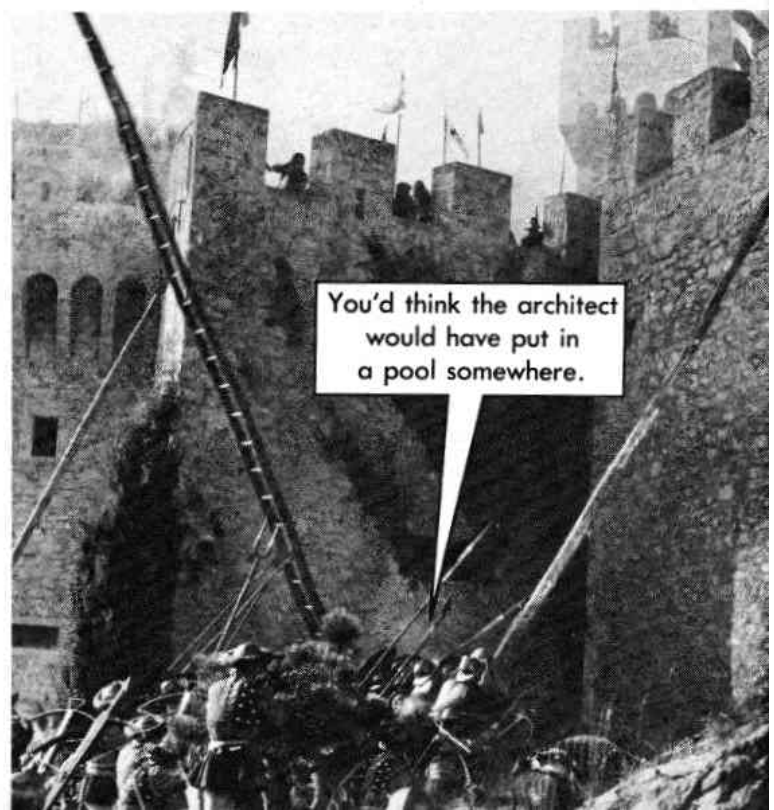
I told you to be
careful flushing
that thing!



Burglars or no burglars,
I still think you
should leave it
in the garage.



Are you sure this
is the only way
to the restroom?



You'd think the architect
would have put in
a pool somewhere.

... and we want curtains for the windows—pink with white lace around the borders.

Yeah, and we want that new shampoo that today's woman uses—the kind you see on TV—the kind that makes your hair shine, shine, shine.



Yeh.



Shouldn't we just ask those picnics for some food?



That must have been some sneeze you had.



And the three finalists in the HLA—the Handsomest Left Armpit—competition are . . .



Aunt Marge says the cake isn't ready to be cut, and I say the cake isn't ready to be cut.



That's a strange place to put a stop sign.



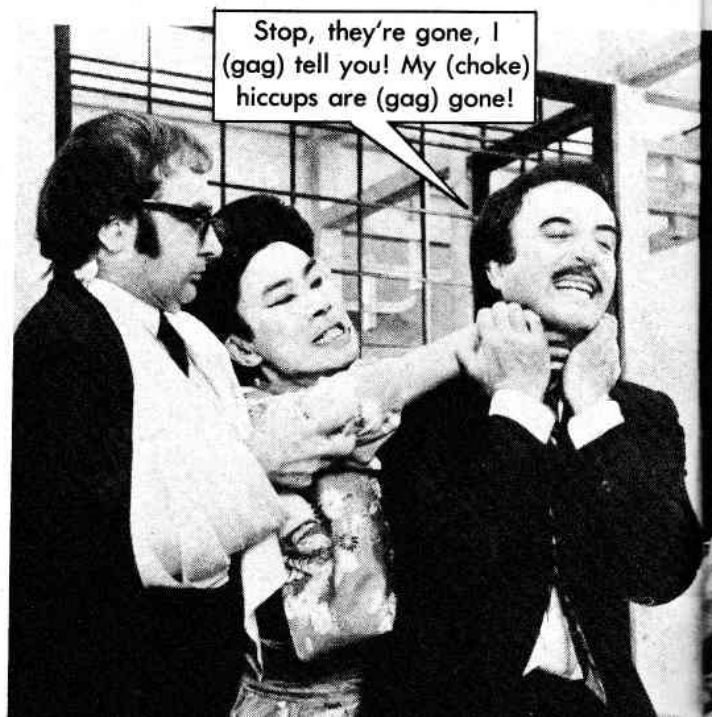
That's the last time I try a **taffy** shampoo.



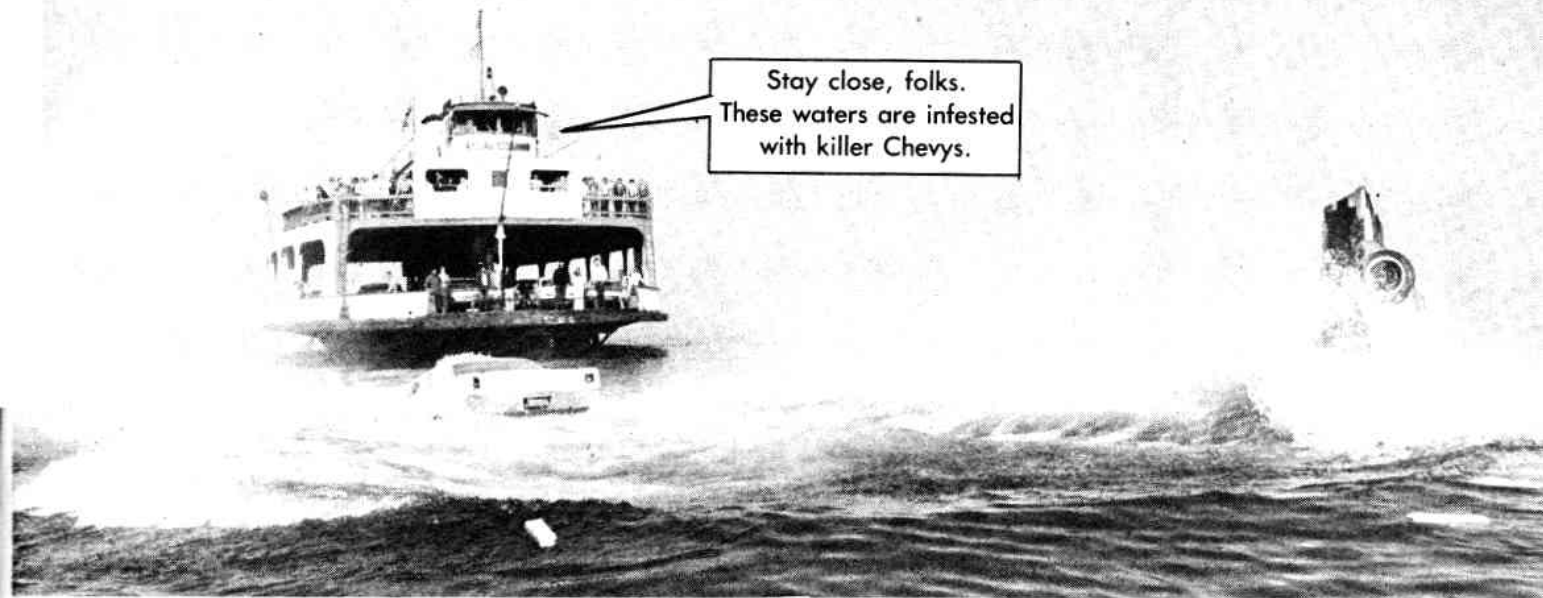
Dear, did you burn the toast again?



I promise never to wear this tie in public again.



Stop, they're gone, I (gag) tell you! My (choke) hiccups are (gag) gone!



Stay close, folks.
These waters are infested
with killer Chevys.



I saved all my hair to make
this shawl.



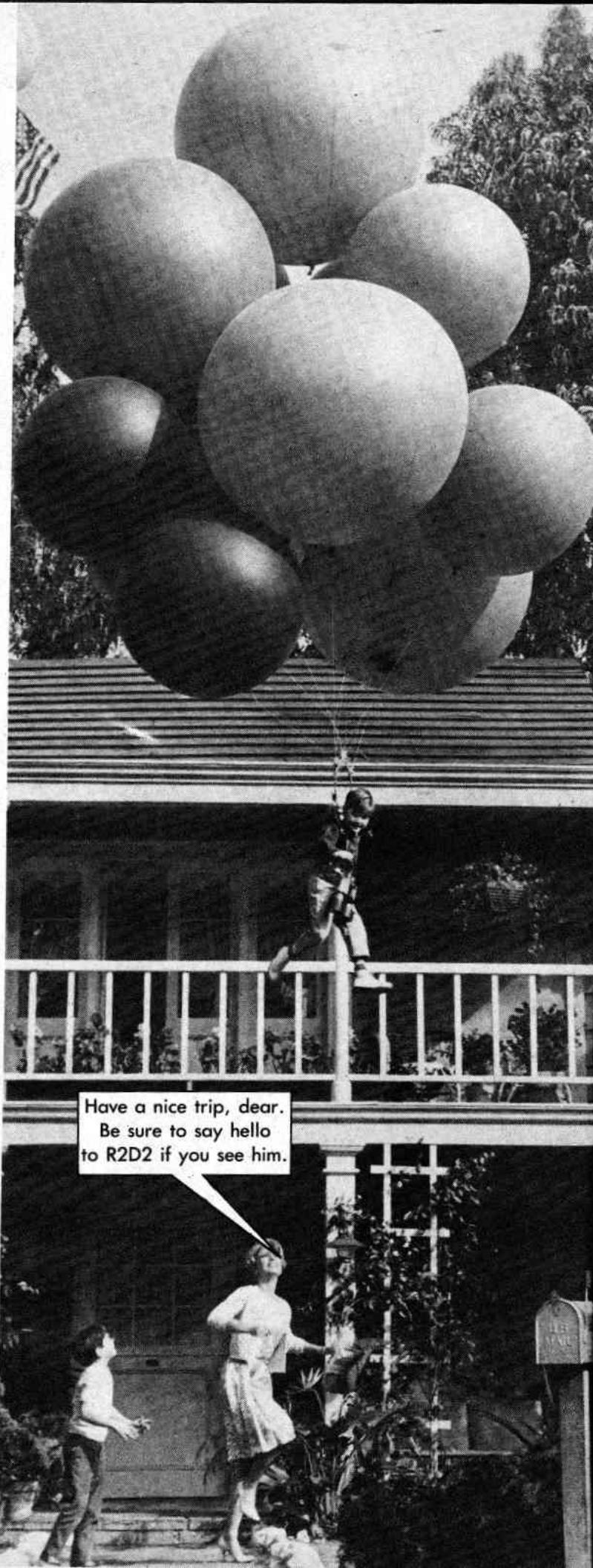
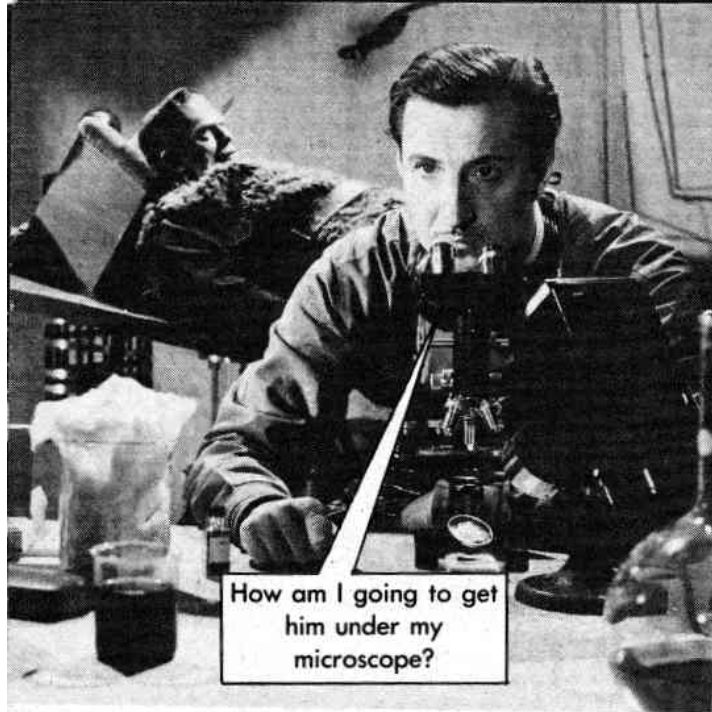
I don't care if she took
your bubble gum. You're
38 years old. For pity's
sake show some maturity.



I don't get a pulse
but his watch
is still working.



How many have
dishwasher spots on
their glasses?



Since politics has already taken on many of the trappings of the entertainment world, CRACKED thinks it won't be long before we'll be seeing ...



SHOWBIZ-TYPE

ELECTION ADS

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY PRESENTS A POTOMAC PRODUCTION

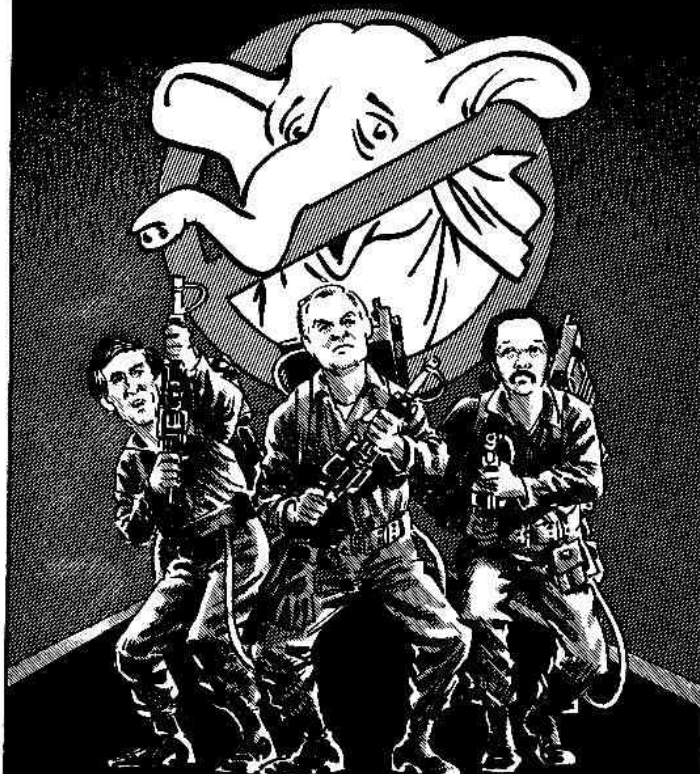
RONALD REAGAN • GEORGE BUSH AND A CAST OF A HUNDRED BUDGET TRIMMERS

PG PARTY GIFTS
SUGGESTED

WARNING: THIS CANDIDATE MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR LUKEWARM AMERICANS

**THE DEMOCRATS CAN BE EXPECTED TO COUNTER
WITH THEIR OWN SHOBIZ-TYPE POLITICAL ADS**

**THEY'RE HERE TO SAVE
THE WORLD FROM REAGANISM**



**GARY HART WALTER MONDALE
JESSE JACKSON**

BOASTBUSTERS

SET THE INCUMBENT'S RECORD STRAIGHT

REAGAN PROMISED A BALANCED BUDGET
INSTEAD HE GAVE US A 200 BILLION DOLLAR DEFICIT

REAGAN PROMISED INTEGRITY IN GOVERNMENT
INSTEAD HE GAVE US ED MEESE AND DICK ALLEN

REAGAN PROMISED NEVER TO GET INTO A WAR
HE COULDN'T WIN
INSTEAD HE GOT US INTO LEBANON

PD | POLITICAL DEBUNKING RECOMMENDED

**TUESDAY THE 6TH
FRIDAY THE 13TH
THE FINAL CHAPTER**



**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH,
IS THE G.O.P.'S UNLUCKY DAY**

STARRING DEMOCRATIC HOPEFULS

REPUBLICAN INCUMBENTS FACE

THE MUSIC

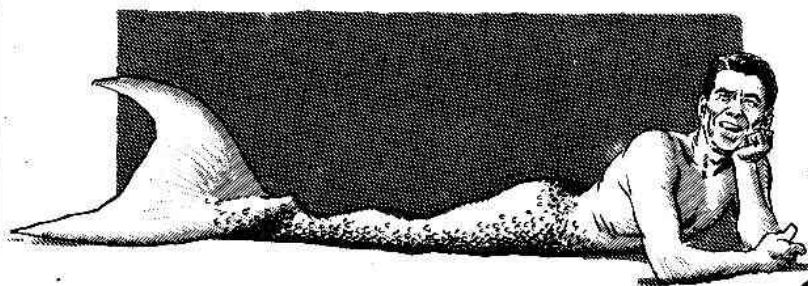
PRODUCED BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

R

RESTRICTED

VOTERS MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS

WATCH RONALD THE MERMAN SWIM IN A SEA OF RED INK



REPUBLICAN HIGH JINKS THAT PROMISE HIGH INTEREST RATES,
HIGH UNEMPLOYMENT AND HIGH INFLATION

**Splish
Splash**

A SMASH COMEDY ...

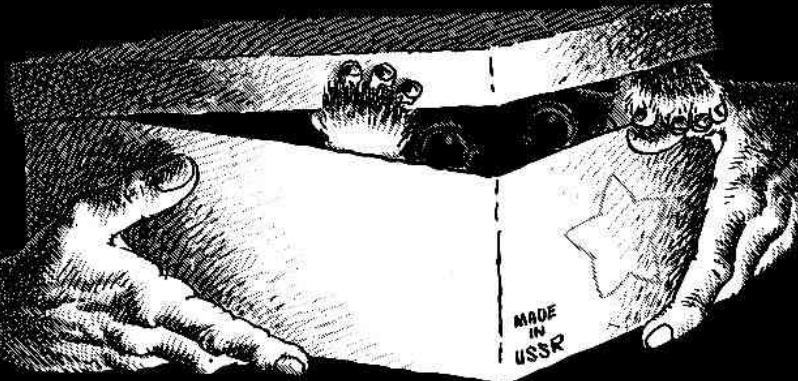
IF THE CONSEQUENCES WEREN'T SO TRAGIC

DPG

DEMOCRATIC PARTY GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

VOTE THE DEMOCRATS IN '84

**KREMLINS ARE AFRAID OF THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF TRUTH
KREMLINS MULTIPLY IN THE MURKY WATERS OF APPEASEMENT
KREMLINS SHOULD NEVER BE FED HIGH-TECH INFORMATION
AFTER MIDNIGHT . . . OR FOR THAT MATTER, BEFORE MIDNIGHT**



**ONLY RONALD REAGAN AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY CAN DO BATTLE
WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST TROUBLEMAKERS**

KGB RATED

KREMLINS

**IN RADICAL RED
TECHNICOLOR**

THE R-TEAM

★ THE REAGAN TEAM

ALL NEW LIVE ACTION ADMINISTRATION



**FEATURING
CAP WEINBERGER AS MR. TNT**

THE R-TEAM

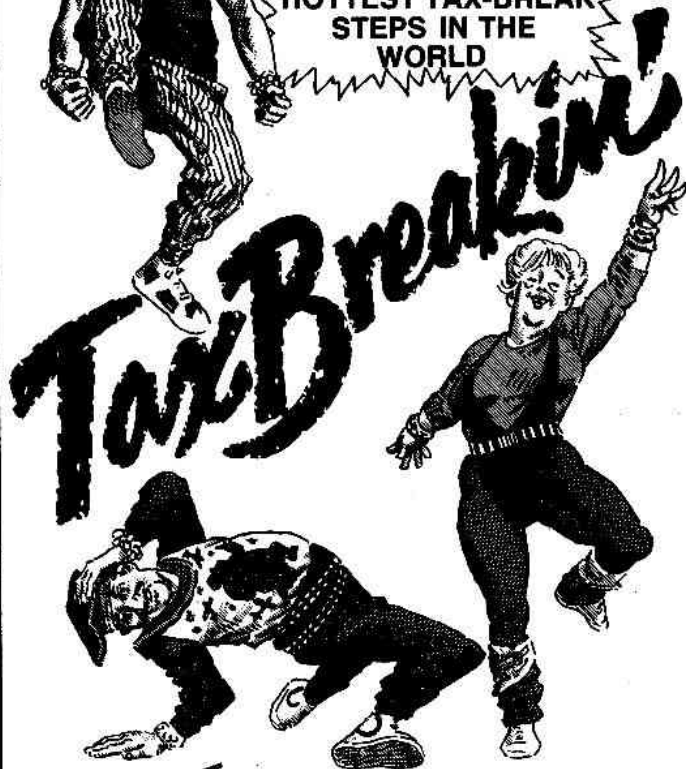
**THEY CRASH, THEY BURN, THEY
BLOW UP. AND THEY ALWAYS
WALK AWAY WINNERS.**

**IF YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE EXPLOSIVE IN GRENADA
WAIT TILL YOU SEE THEM IN R-TEAM II.**

**THEY CRUSH CASTRO!
THEY MANHANDLE MOSCOW!
THEY GET NASTY WITH NICARAGUA!
ALL PERFORMED LIVE FOR YOU ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS**

**FOR THE TAX BREAK
OF YOUR LIFE!**

**THE REPUBLICANS
FEATURE THE
HOTTEST TAX-BREAK
STEPS IN THE
WORLD**

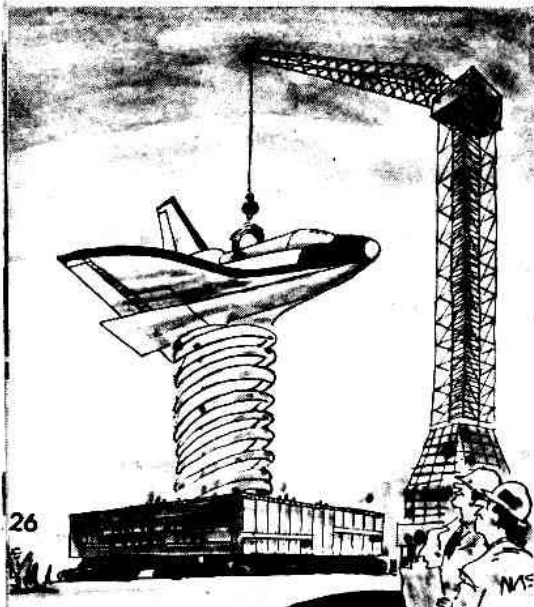
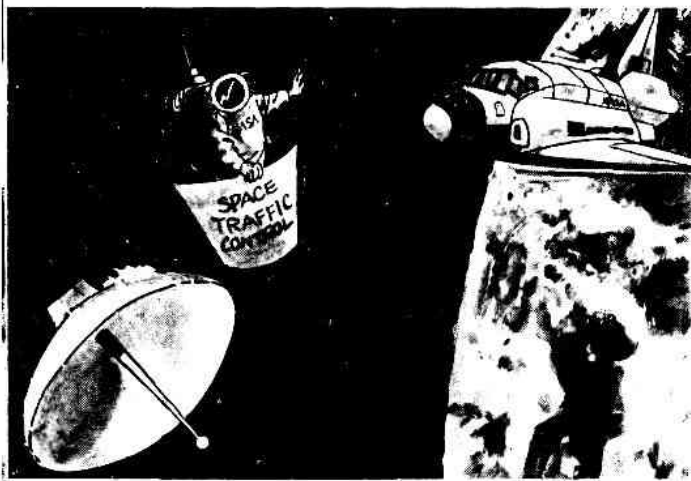


**RE-ELECT
RONALD REAGAN
TO SEE MORE OF
THESE FANCY STEPS**

- TAX AX HUSTLE
- CORPORATE REBATE ROCK

PV PARENTAL VOTES SOLICITED

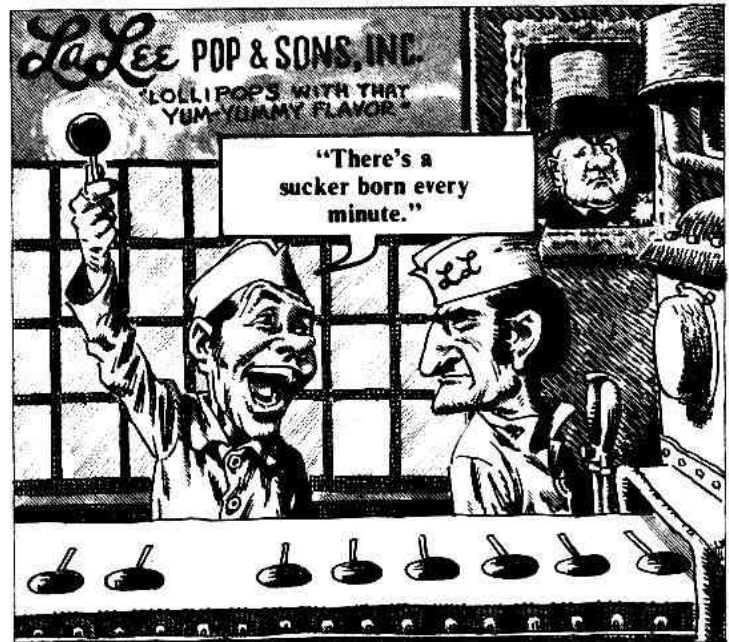
CRACKED NASA

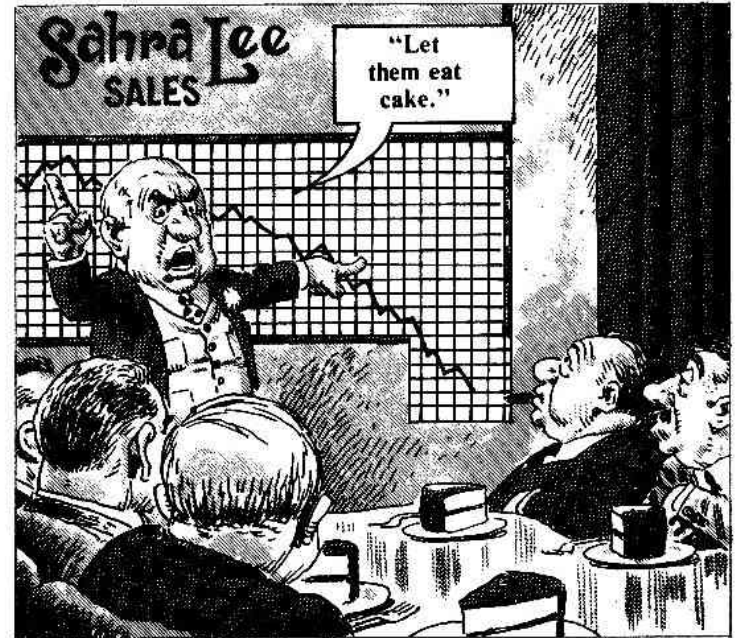
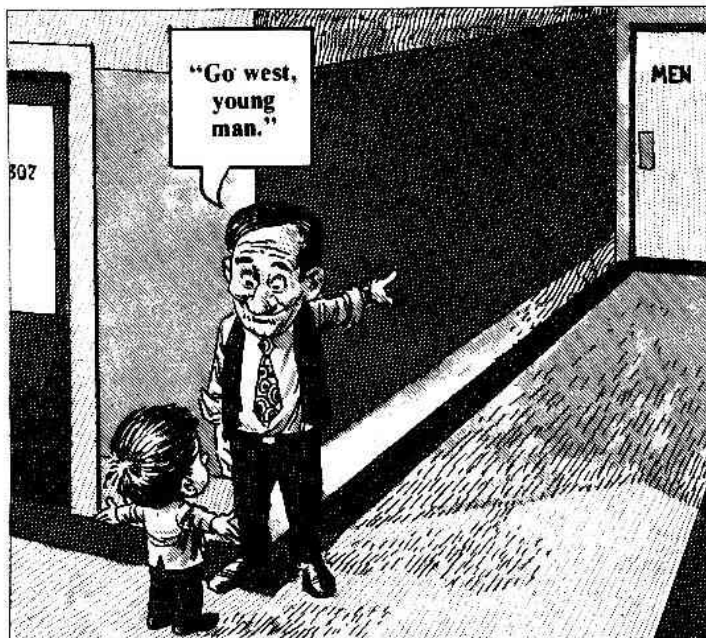
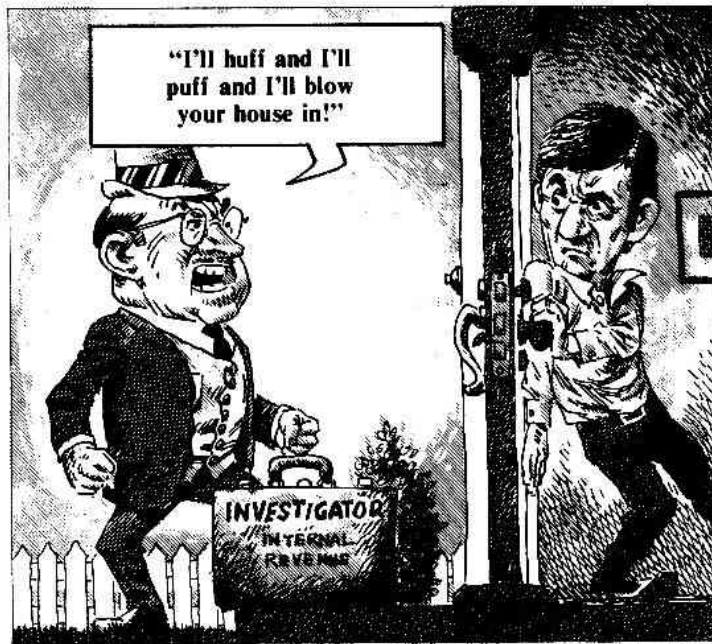
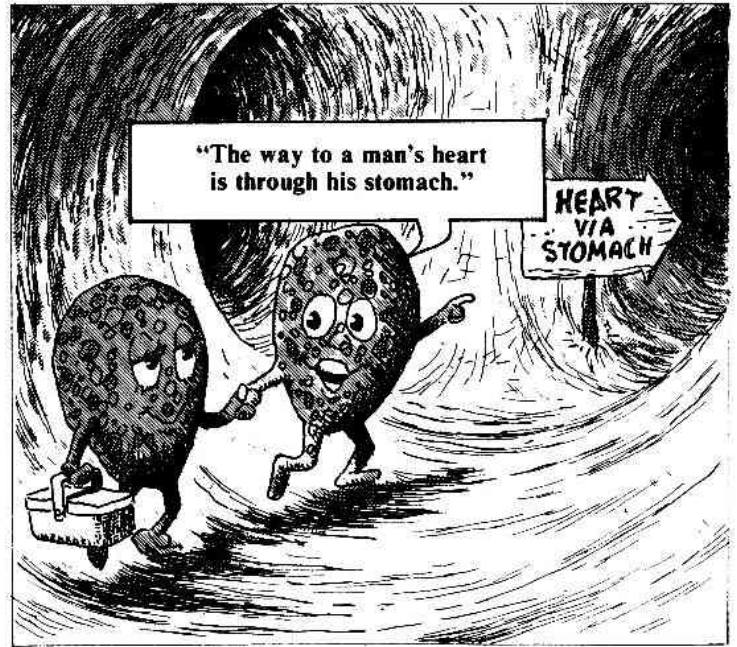




Throughout history there have been many famous lines—some of them from great writers, from movie stars and even some uttered by guys on television! But what if somebody else had said them . . . in different situations? **CRACKED** now scrambles it all up, and shows the ridiculous results . . .

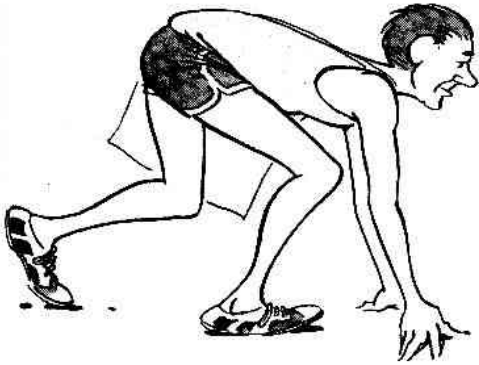
IF FAMOUS LINES WERE SAID IN DIFFERENT SITUATIONS



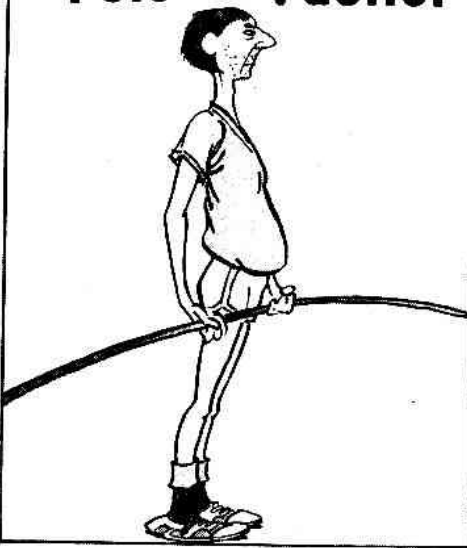


WHAT ATHLETES DO

Hurdler



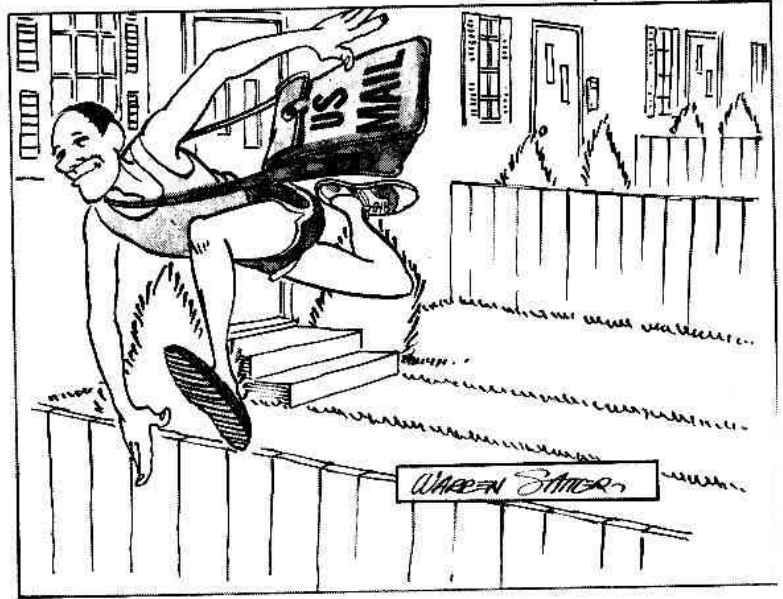
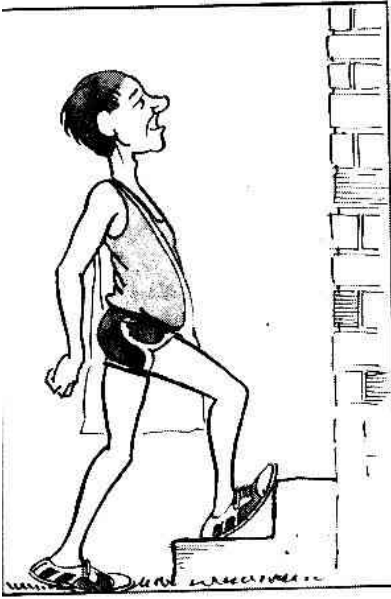
Pole Vaulter



Javelin Thrower

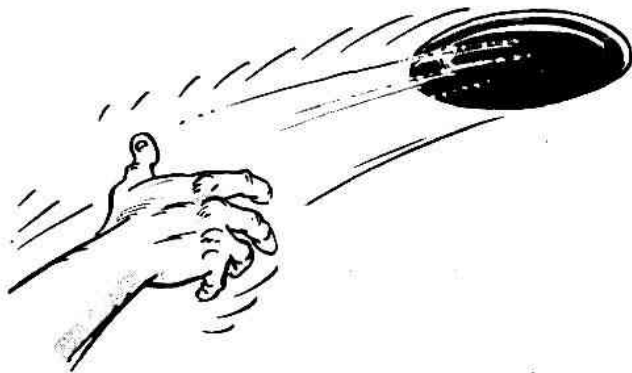
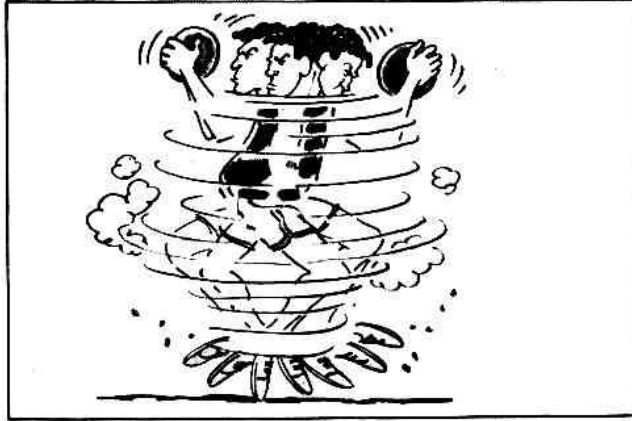
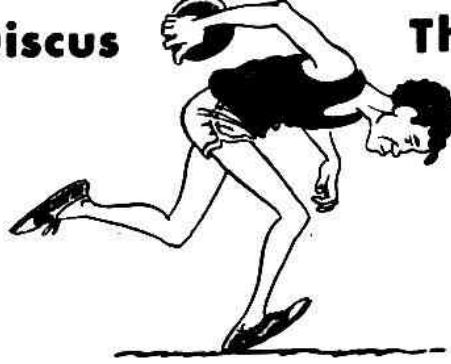


IN THE OFF SEASON

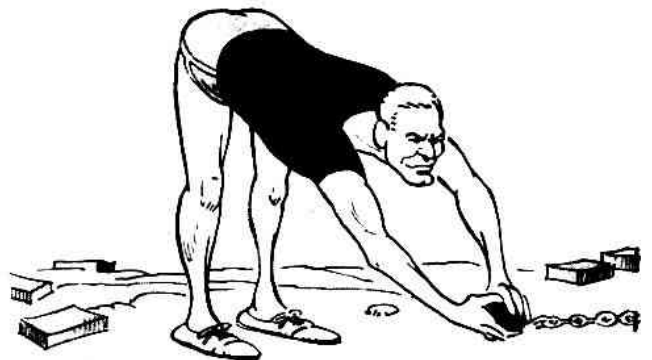


Discus

Thrower



Hammer Thrower



Fraud! Fraud! The monster-like gremlins shown in the movie "Gremlins" are **not** real gremlins. During World War II, American air corps personnel first discovered the real gremlins and described them as gnome-like, jinx-provoking creatures who caused misfortune and havoc by their mere presence. To prove our point let us take an amble



THROUGHOUT HISTORY WITH THE REAL GREMLINS

WASHINGTON, D.C., APRIL, 1865

Boss, How will we get rid of all our rats before tonight's performance?

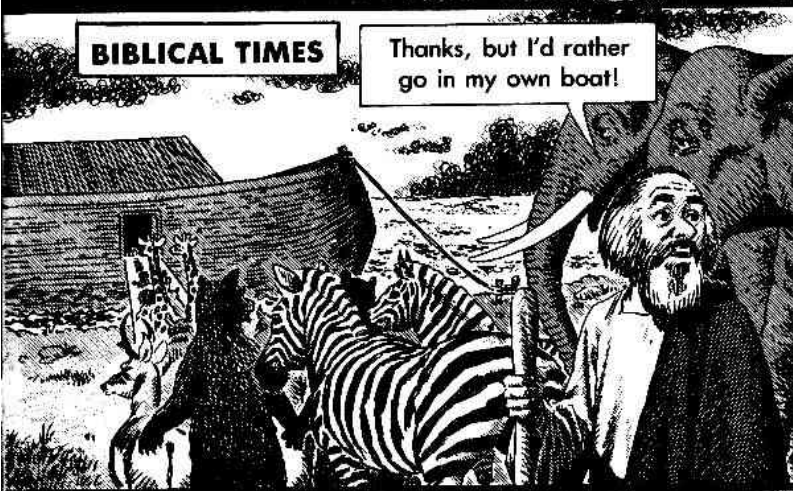


Don't worry! This special rat catcher will nab 'em before the President arrives!

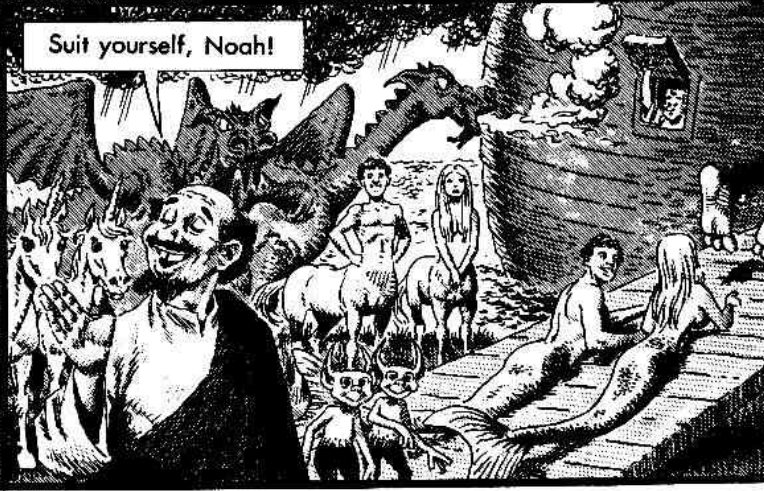


BIBLICAL TIMES

Thanks, but I'd rather go in my own boat!



Suit yourself, Noah!



CHICAGO OCT., 1871

My neighbor has been helping me track down the creature that's annoying my cows!

I think I'll put down my lantern and rest a spell, Mrs. O'Leary!

APRIL, 1912

The Captain said we couldn't take pets along.

... but I sneaked this one aboard!

BIBLICAL TIMES

That's it! Play with the nice little animal.

... while I trim your hair, Sampson!

WASHINGTON D.C.
JUNE, 1972

Quick! Let me have your flashlight

Whew! For a second I thought it was a guard's watchdog!

WATERGATE
OFFICE COMPLEX
DIRECTORY

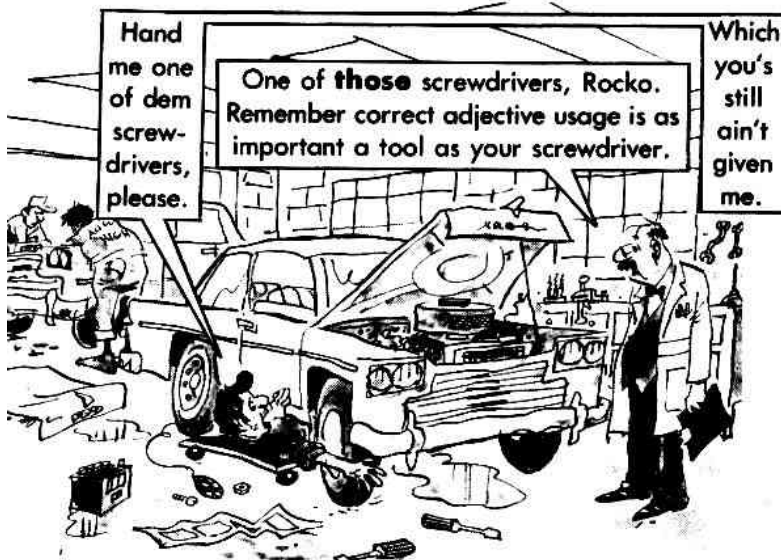
THE END

Times are tough for city, town and local governments. Expenses are up, but no one wants to raise taxes. So, to make up the differences, officials have been cutting budgets for sanitation, police and education. Now, no one wants America's students to get an inferior education, but lost monies have to be made up some way. The answer? All government officials need do is follow CRACKED'S advice on

HOW SCHOOLS CAN SAVE MONEY

To begin with, schools can save a lot of money by combining classes like

English and Auto Mechanics



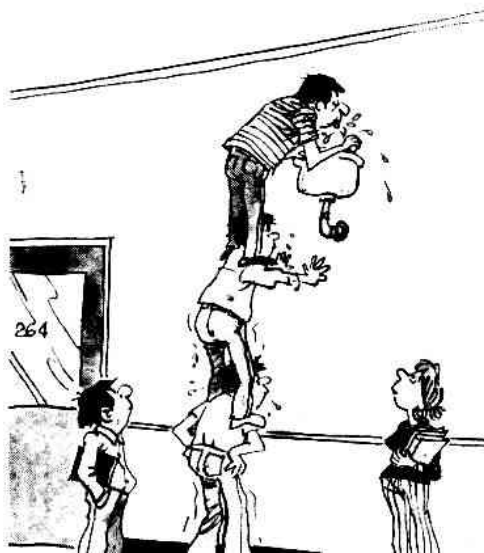
Home Economics and Biology



And money can be saved on paper by issuing smaller diplomas.

And on water by making fountains less accessible.

And by installing pay showers in all of the locker rooms.



And money could actually be made by selling advertising throughout the school.

on cheerleaders uniforms

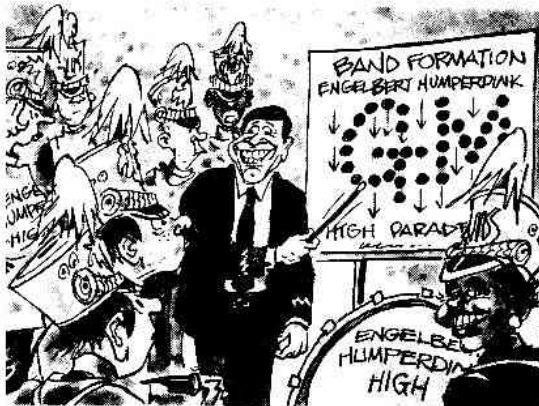


inserted in teachers' lectures

Here's today's math problem. If Mary drank a sugar-free Tab with just one tiny calorie on a comfortable Am-Trak train going 40 mph, when would she reach Texas?



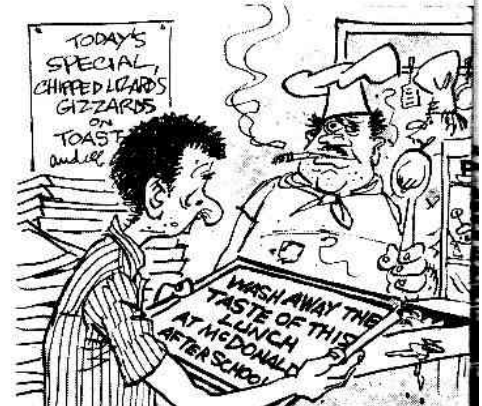
used in the high school marching band's formations



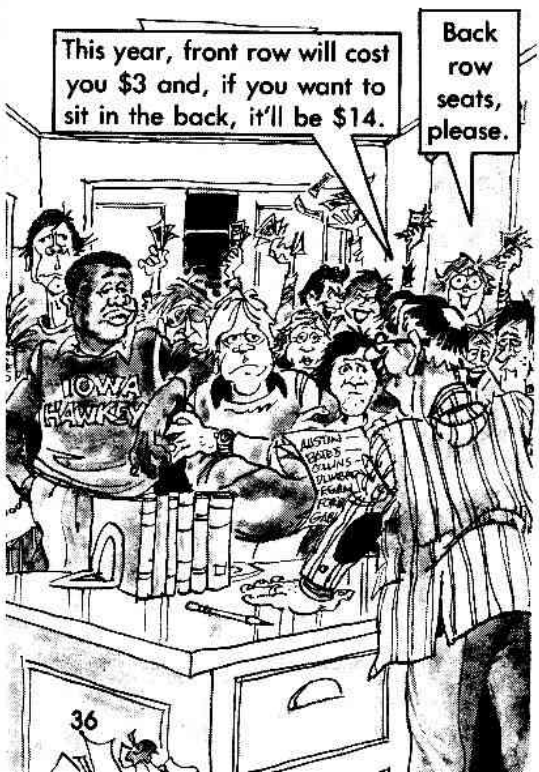
printed inside lockers



and written on trays in the cafeteria.



And also some profit can be reaped by selling certain privileges like preferred classroom seating

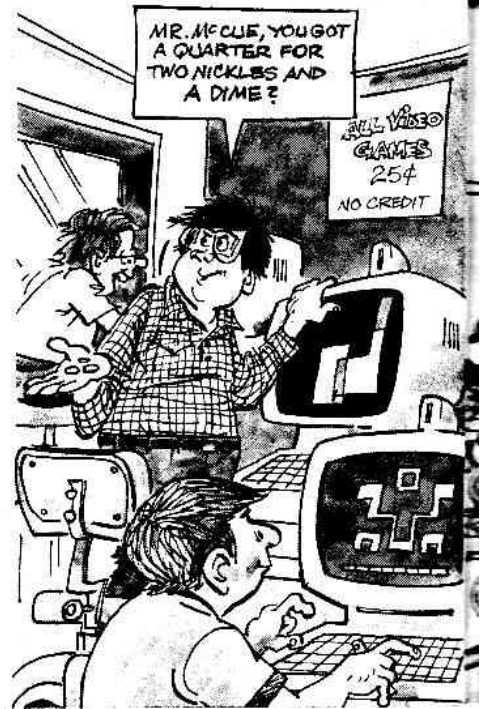


"can't be called on" cards

Who knows the inventor of the bubble pipe? Marsha? . . . Oh, sorry. You purchased a "can't be called on card" for today. Johnny.



and in computer classes, by adding video game programs.



Sports take up a large chunk of a school's budget, but CRACKED sees many areas where funds can be saved here too.

For openers, students on teams should make their own uniforms.

And costly weights for training could be substituted with

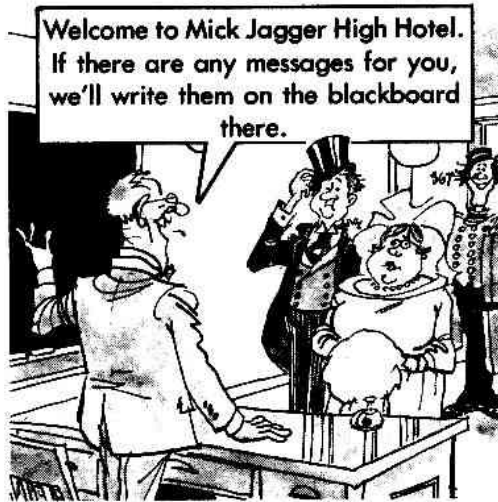
And since winning isn't everything, less experienced coaches should be hired.



And money can be saved by combining a number of smaller classes . . .

. . . And then slightly redoing the most unneeded rooms and renting them out

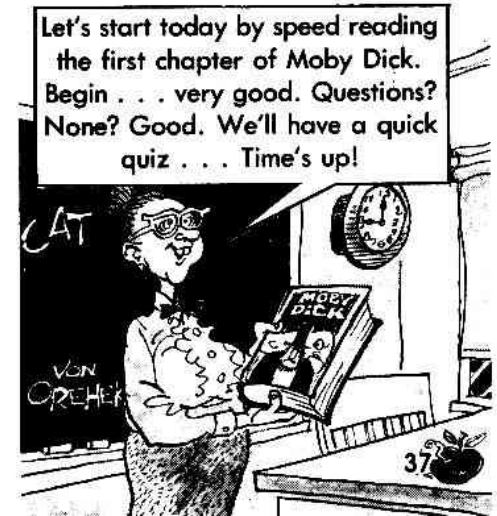
Of course, there could be an occasional problem with this.



And in music class, instead of buying costly records, there's a cheaper way of letting students hear the classics.

And money can be made from students who drive their own cars to school.

And finally, money could be saved by shortening the school year. However, to squeeze in all the required material . . .



A little bit of movie history trivia now. How did "Star Trek II" end? Well, if you don't remember (and how could you not with all the media hype it received), it ended something like this:

Don't worry, Gym. I'll save the ship!

Spook, you can't stay in there. The radiation is way too high. The indicators are in the danger zone—even your ears are drooping.



Spook is dead.

Sir, I know that we're a million miles from home, but don't you think he deserves a better burial than this?

Scotties we're limited to what we have.

I realize that, sir. But **surely** we can do better than shooting him out to planet Genesis inside a Hefty garbage bag!



But in case you *did* forget that ending, well we just told it to you—and so does the beginning of this third in a series of films aboard the Enterprising. But, hey! Why let a little thing like death mean the end of one of the most popular characters?! Instead, why not cash in on it and come up with

STAR DREK III: THE SEARCH FOR SPOOK

Sir, do you want your **log**, so you can begin this newest episode?

Not yet Mr. Checkoff. The Enterprising is about to arrive back home and I have to finish sorting out my dirty laundry. Why don't we begin, instead, by showing the newest threatening Klingfree villain, Lug.

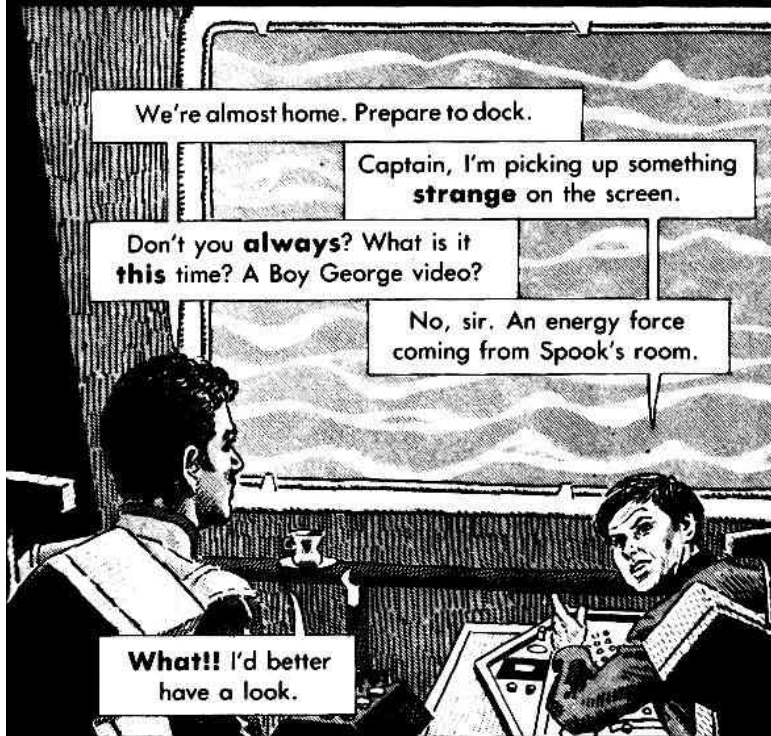
Lug, we intercepted a transmission from the Enterprising and it confirms what we thought Genesis was.

A rock group?

No, a project capable of making life from death. Shall I give you more detail?



Nah. If the audience didn't see "Star Trek II," that's their tough luck.



We're almost home. Prepare to dock.

Captain, I'm picking up something **strange** on the screen.

Don't you **always**? What is it **this** time? A Boy George video?

No, sir. An energy force coming from Spook's room.

What!! I'd better have a look.

You must rescue my body, Gym, bring it back to Vulcanized and climb the steps of Mt. Crayola with it.

Is that **all**?

Well, if you like, could you beam yourself over to the theater's concession stand and get me some popcorn and a box of Raisinettes?

Clones! What are **you** doing in here?

Gym, **help** me! You left my body on Genisis. Why did you do that?

So we could have a sequel and . . . Clones! That's **Spook's** voice. Not your own!

Yes Gym.

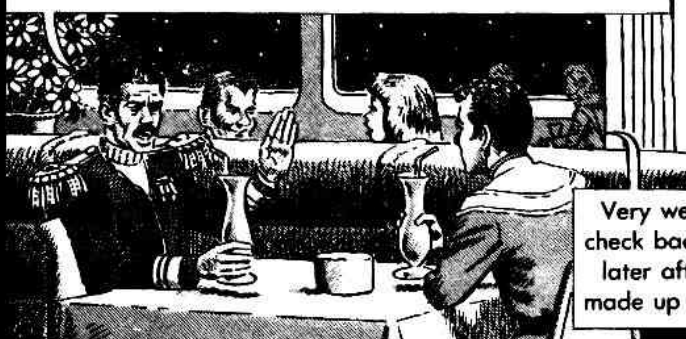


Gee! What a **great** way of having Spook in this movie without **paying** him.

Gym, the Enterprising is to be put in moth balls.

Not **yet** commander. I have to go to Genisis and rescue Spook's body first.

Impossible! Genisis is off limits to all except the members of the Federations science crew now investigating it. The answer is no. Uh uh, sorry. That's my **final** word.



Very well, sir. I'll check back with you later after you've made up your mind.

YOU CAN LEAD A BOY TO COLLEGE BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM THINK!



Well, our survey of Genisis is about done. We can go home.

Not yet, sir. I'm picking up **life** down there.

Are you **sure**?

Sir, I know that as a female Vulcanized I'm not supposed to express any emotion, but if this is true **can we go down there and check it out? Can we? Can we? Please! Please!**

I'm glad our commander let us beam down because **look!!** There is life on this planet.

Not to mention a small child with pointy ears sitting next to the Hefty bag Spook was buried in. Do you suppose this child could be him **reborn**?



Well if it is, he's gonna have a heck of a time fitting into all his old clothes.

Commander Quirk, remember me? Spook's father. Why didn't you bring back my son? On Vulcanized only the body dies. I must have your thoughts about this. May I **join** your mind?

Why? Is it coming apart?

It is Vulcanized custom, when you die, to leave your thoughts with another. Perhaps Spook did this with you. I admit it's a **stupid custom**, but Star Drekkies **love** this kind of stuff.

Lug, we have located two people on Genisis who we believe know how the operation works. However, we have a problem. Their space craft is protecting them and we cannot do **anything** with the craft in the way.

Oh. Well, there's a simple solution to **that**.

OW!!

YOUR mind!
There's nothing here!!!

That's what all my teachers used to say.

But if Spook isn't inside you—**who** then?

How's it going guys?

Of course! Clones!

Any **other** problems?

No. That pretty well settles it.

Good. Now bring me those scientists.

PROGRESS MAY HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT ONCE, BUT IT'S GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!

Men. Everyone refuses to give me permission to take the Enterprising to get Spook's body from Genisis and then bring him and Clones up to Mt. Crayola on Vulcanized. So I'm left with but **one** choice.

Renting from Hertz?

No, **stealing** the Enterprising. Are you with me?

AYE!!

AYE!!

AYE!!

AYE!!

You could all get 30 years in prison if we're caught.

Send me a postcard when you get to Vulcanized.

Have a safe trip.

Ta ta Captain.



Sir, someone has taken the Enterprising.
Should we chase after them?

Of course! Up to warped speed . . . Well?!?

I'm afraid we can't, sir.

And why **not**?



I think I've seen enough of this planet.
It's aging by the minute.

And so is Spook. 45 minutes
ago he was a babe. Now he's 3.

My mom always said that I **grew up** right before
her eyes, but this is ridiculous . . . Capt. Stevens
beam us up . . . Captain? . . .

I'm afraid no one is
beaming **anyone** up.



Very nice except what I meant
was to fire at the **other** ship.

No need to now sir.

They've surrendered?

No, sir. They've **hit** us and **knocked**
out all of our computers. We're a
sitting duck.

I thought we were
the Enterprising?



I can't **remember** which of
the two buttons to push.

Our screenwriters will
pull any lame thing
to make an escape work!



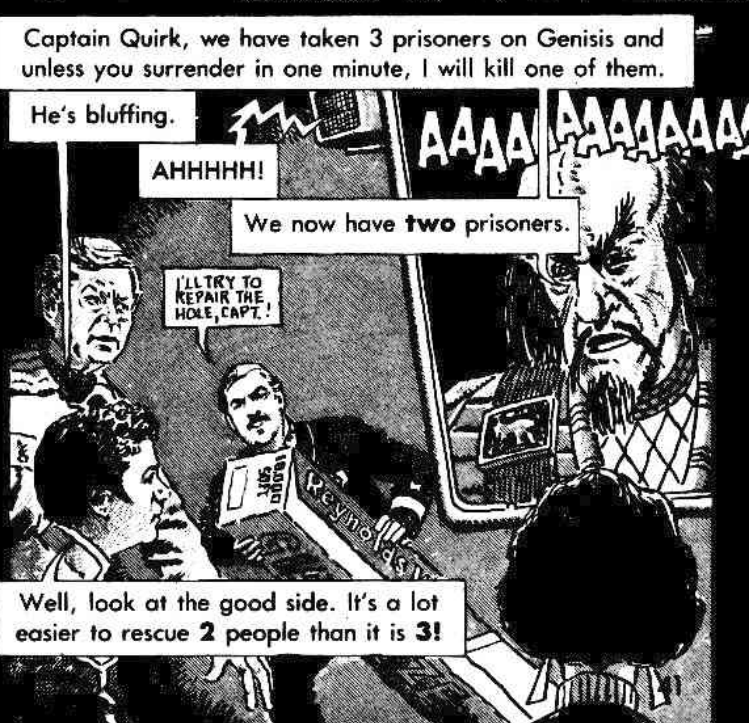
Gentlemen, we're nearing Genisis.

Sir, there's a strange wessel
laying between us and the planet.

Wessel? What's a **wessel**?

You know, sir. Space craft!

Oh! **Vessel**! Gee, after 20 years on this crew, you think you
would have learned how to speak English! . . .
Well, you know what to do Mr. Checkoff . . . **Fire!!**



Captain Quirk, we have taken 3 prisoners on Genisis and
unless you surrender in one minute, I will kill one of them.

He's bluffing.

AHHHHH!

We now have **two** prisoners.

I'LL TRY TO
REPAIR THE
HOLE, CAPT.!

Well, look at the good side. It's a lot
easier to rescue 2 people than it is 3!

I've got a plan.

I hope it's better than that last one, sir.

We'll beam ourselves down to Genisis and set the timer on the ship to self-destruct itself in 3 minutes. Then, when the Klingfreese board the ship, they'll **blow up** with the Enterprising.

Good plan **except**, without a space craft, how will **we** get home?

A CLOSED MOUTH
GATHERS NO FOOT!

Pray there's a Yellow Cab service on Genisis. Now if everything is repaired and set to implement our plan . . .

Everything **is** sir.

Then beam us away.

Except maybe the transporter!
I could have used just a minute
more on that!

Sir, there goes the Enterprising.

And with it Mr. Sushi...

The end of an era?

WHOMP!

I BELIEVE
THIS IS
YOURS.

No, the end of a whole
line of toys we can sell.

Sir! Over **there!** It's
Commander Saveit and she's
surrounded by Klingfreese.

I've a plan to save her.

No disrespect sir, but forget your
plans. They **stink!** We'll just
jump 'em instead.



Am I glad to see you. I've found
Spook and he's aging rapidly.

After 20 years in this
series, aren't we **all**?

You have to beam him up
back onto your ship.

IT'S JUST AS
WELL WE LEFT
THE DIAPERS
BEHIND!

But we **can't**.
Our vessel is
destroyed.

That's vessel,
Checkoff! **Vessel!**

Perhaps we can get Lug to beam us up onto **his** craft.

Not a **chance** commander. You **killed** all of my men when they boarded your ship.

O.K. What if I were to **trade** you. Say, you beam everyone up and I'll give you the secret of Genesis and this little Gremlin doll for the wife and kids.

Promise?

Don't tell me you're gonna hold a grudge against us just because of **that**!?!

Have I ever lied to you?

Yeah, twice! And I've only known you for **15 minutes!**

Lug! Up there!! Dolly Parton in a bikini!

Where?

RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!

That's **one** thing I can say about most Star Drek villains—they'll **fall** for **anything!!**

O.K., let's beam ourselves up. This planet hasn't got much time left. Plus, boy, are my arms **aching!**

IF YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH YOURSELF, YOU'LL HAVE NO RIVALS.

Can you operate the ship?

No problem. I just press this button here.

I don't mean to butt in, but that **wasn't** the engine you just activated. It was the **windshield wipers.**

Oh.

Well you got us going. Now I just hope we can find Vulcanized.

Of course!

There it is sir.

OPERATING
MANUAL
KLINGFREE
CRUISER

You have brought my son home. Now all that is left for you to do is to carry him up those stairs to the top of Mt. Crayola.

You gotta be **kidding!** There's **more** steps there than the Washington Monument has. There's gotta be an **easier** way!

O.K. Take the **elevator!**

Oh royal priestess, we have come to try and place my son's mind, which is stored in another man, back into my son's body. Will you do it?

EXORCISMS \$1500
MIND SWAPS \$3000
TRANSPLANTS \$2500
EARS REPOINTED \$1000

There is great risk involved, however if you're willing to chance it, there's my list of **prices** on the wall. Just pay the cashier for a **mind swap** and we'll get started.

The mind swap has begun!

Look!! He's **all right!!** My son is **alive!!**

But will he **remember** anything? Will he still be his brilliant self?

My father tells me that you are my friend.

Louise! Your name is **Louise!** Am I **right?**

And my name?

Why not? No, but don't worry.

I have a feeling you're gonna have a whole 'nother sequel to get it right.

COMING
STAR TREK
IV
IN SEARCH OF SPOCK'S MEMORY

THE END

Greetings. Cassie Collingwood here and 5 years ago, if someone had told me that the biggest thing on TV this decade would be one channel that played nothing but music 24 hours a day, I would have said, "Das ist nicht so!" You see, I would have said it like that because 5 years ago I was living in Germany. But in German or English, no matter how you put it, this channel is today's biggest phenomenon and you'll soon find out why when

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE MUSIC VIDEO KING



Behind me is the studio where it all happens and this is the man who originated it all—Mr. Matthew Thomas Vealgrinder. Do you mind if I call you Matt?

Not at all. Or you can call me, like everyone else does, by just my initials.

RTICIE CUNNINGHAM LIVES!

MTV?



Matt, why **music** television?

Well, I like this type of programming for three reasons. It's innovative. It's creative.

And?

And, best of all, it's **cheap**!



But I thought Michael Jackson's latest video cost him \$250,000 to produce?

Right! It cost **him** \$250,000! But it cost **us zip**. You see, for the most part, record companies just give the videos to us. It's free publicity for them and free, super cheap programming for **us**. And **that's** why I like it.

IF ALFONZO LAMAS MARRIED DOLLY PARTON WOULD SHE BE DOLLY LAMAS?



But my station is more than just videos. There are a lot of other things that fill our 24 hours of programming.

Like commercials?

No, I don't like commercials, but **something's** got to pay the bills.

Do you think your viewers actually **buy** the things you advertise?

Honestly? No. They're too mesmerized by the videos to leave the set, let alone the house to go out and buy anything.

Some people have complained that there's an awful lot of **violence** in the videos you show. Like, for example, in this new Def Leopard song, there's fighting everywhere.

Perhaps, but it's just like the fighting kids see around them all the time.

And where's that?



At any arena box office when they try and get tickets to see these same acts live.



Speaking of concerts, you do present many on your station?

Oh yes.

People like Billy Joel, the Stones and Huey Lewis?

No. We've never had any of them. You see, only **special** type of acts like appearing on our station.

And what type is that?

Has-beens.



I mean, if you're **hot**, why **waste** your live show on TV when you can do it on a 500-city tour. However, if you're new or a has-been, no one's coming to see you live anyway, so what have you got to lose?



As for the videos themselves, don't you think you **repeat** some of them too often?

On the contrary. Like, for example, this new Bruce Springsteen song. It hasn't been aired since 6:15.



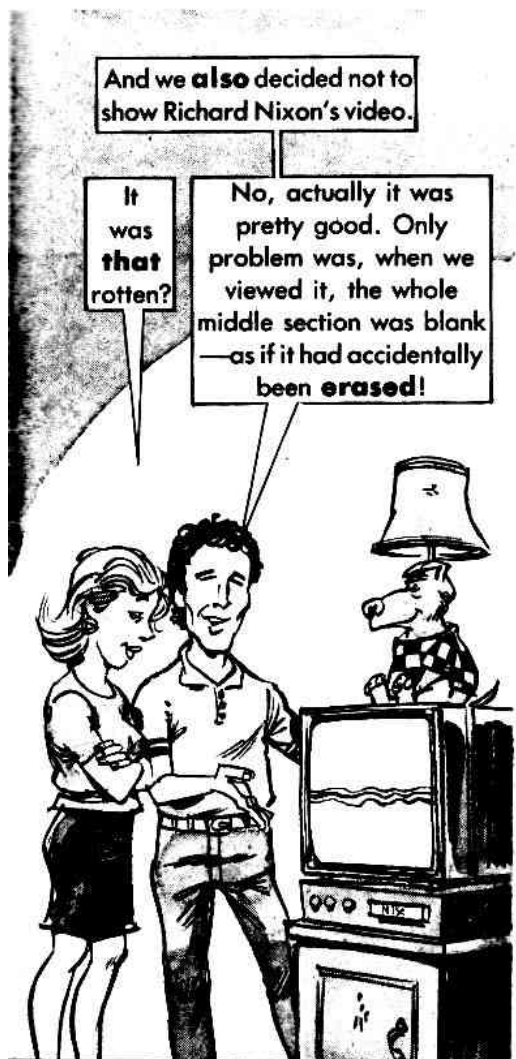
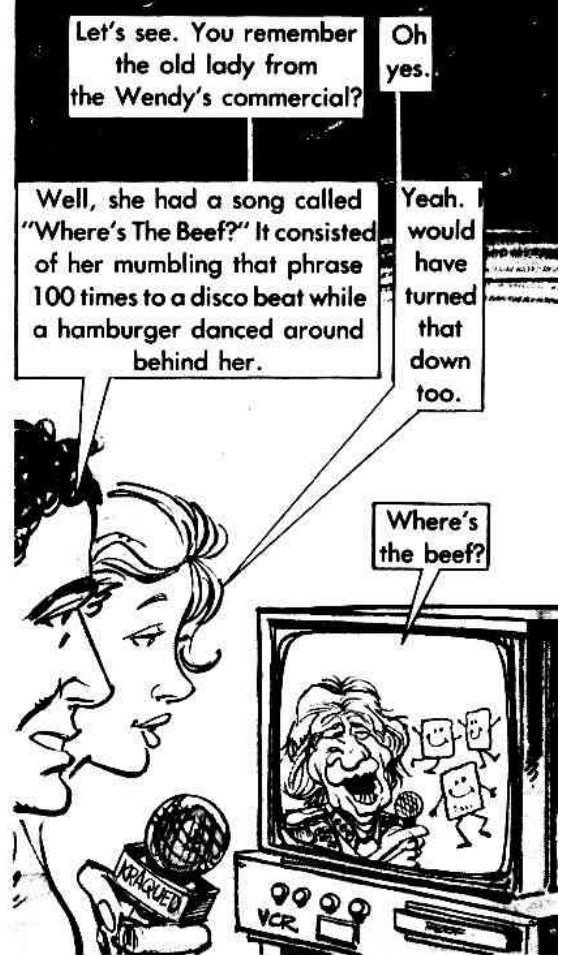
How do you decide what videos **do** get on:

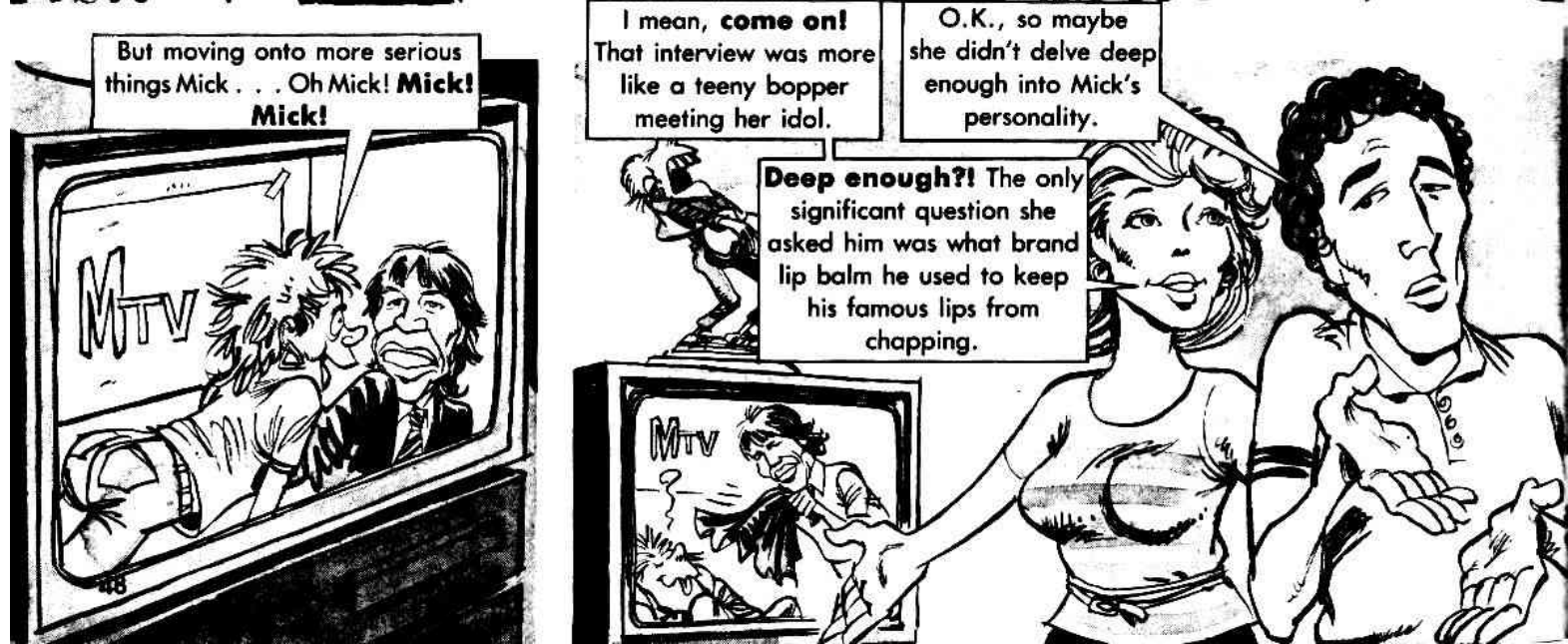
Well, there are **many** factors like the song, how creative it is, how popular the group has become . . .

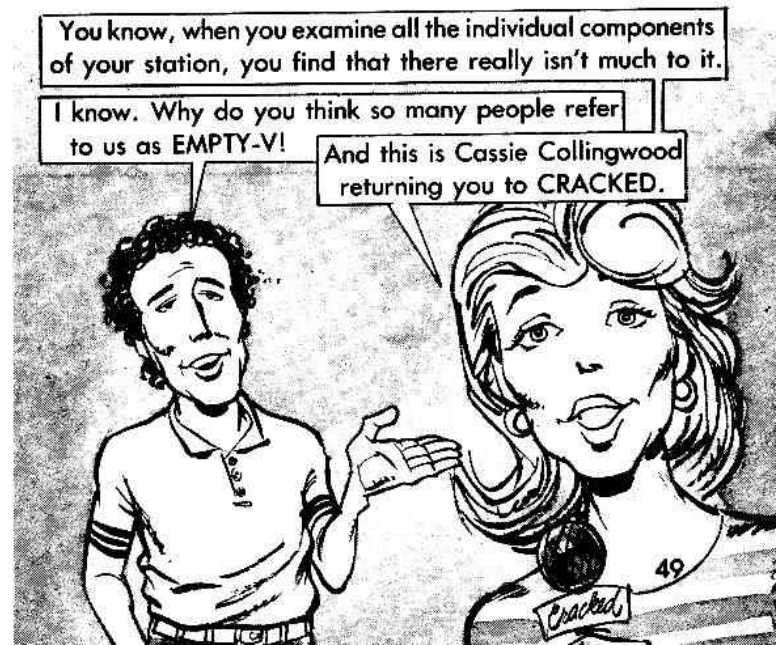
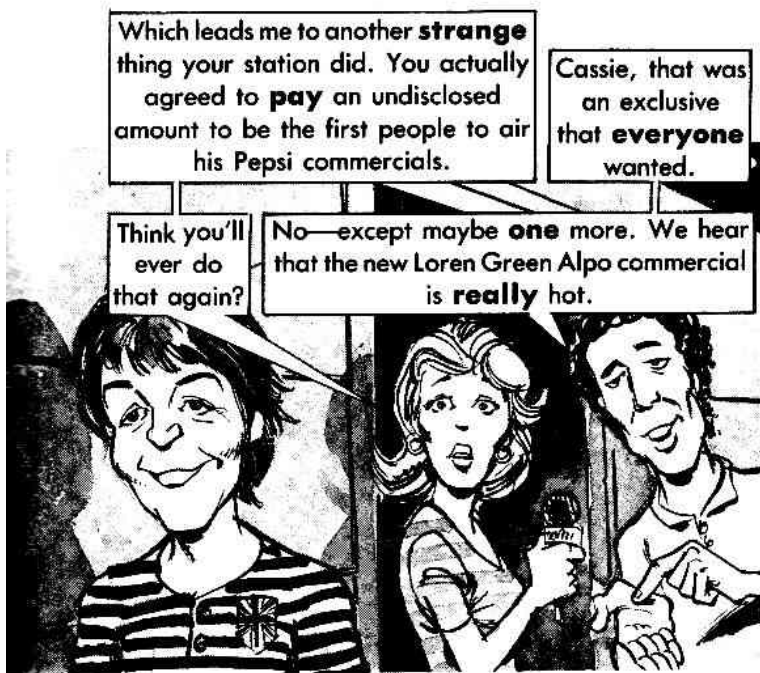
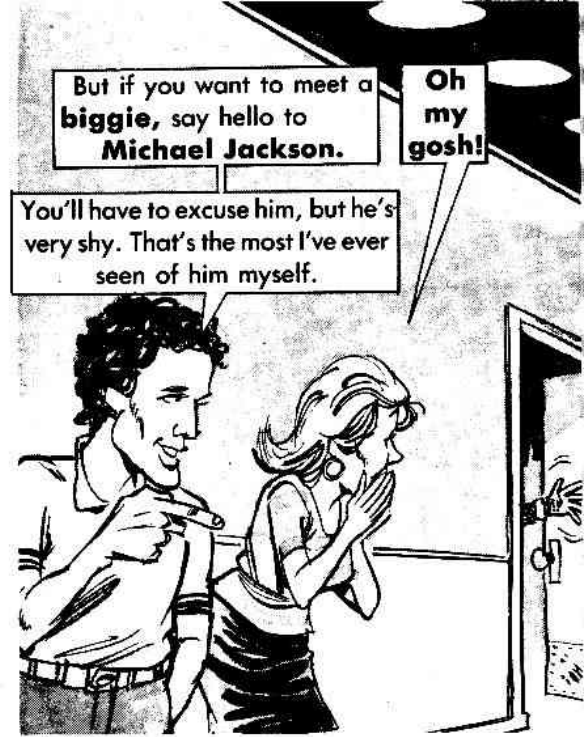
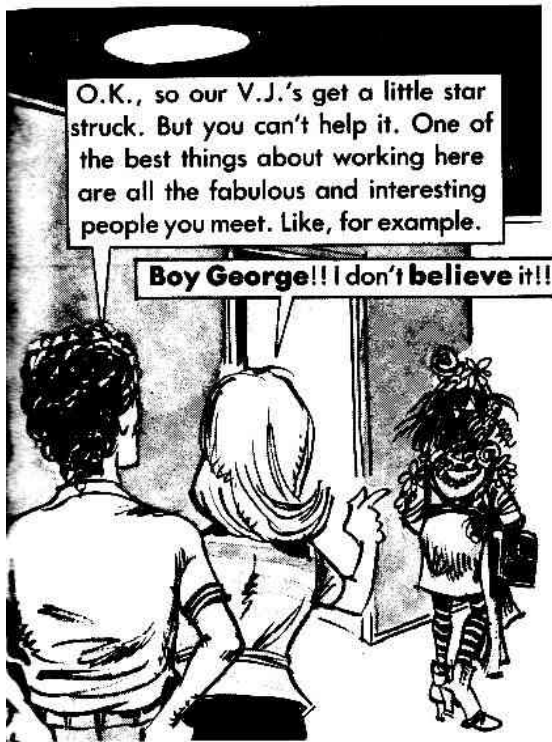
Anything else?

Well, a **\$100 bill** stashed inside the video's jacket wouldn't hurt.









SHUT-UPS



Just think, Watkins, discovering the forbidden volcano of Cocoboko Island! We'll go down in history!

Shut-up Liverstone! I think we're about to **become** history!



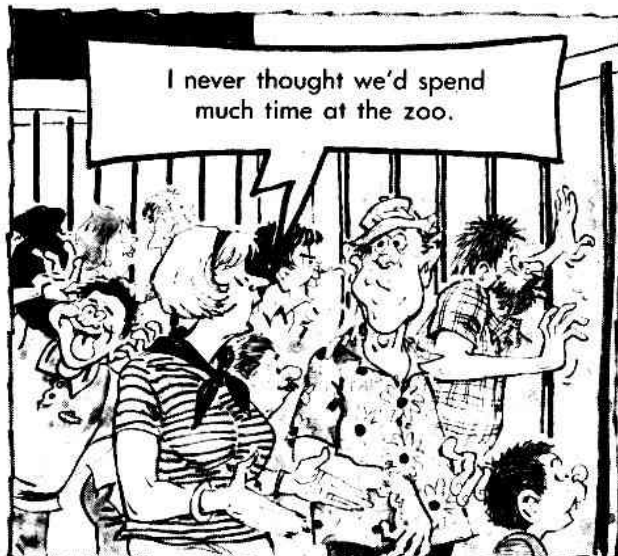
♪ Wouldn't you like to be a pepper too?

Shut-up! For the last time, I'm going as an artichoke!



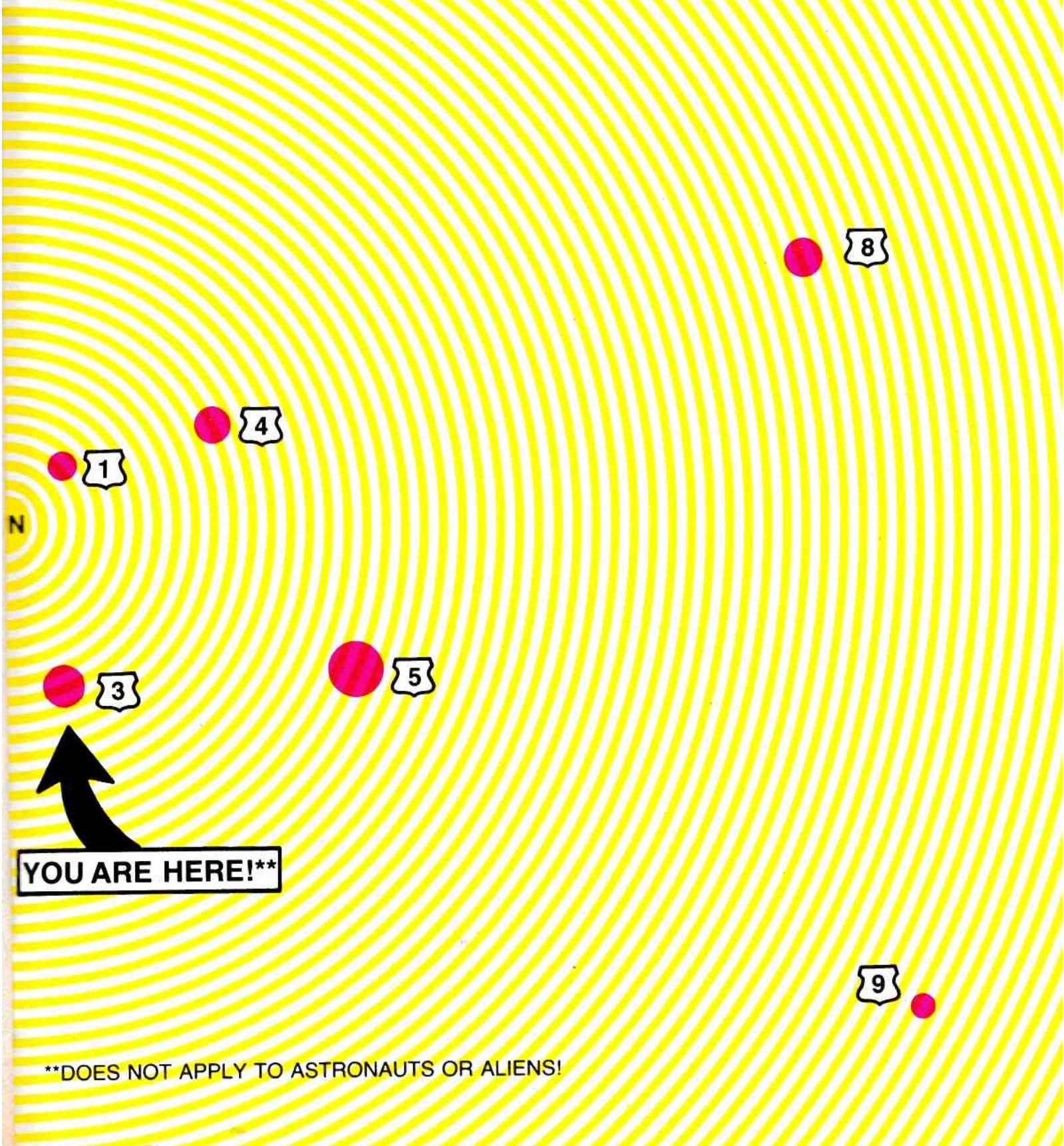
I never thought we'd spend much time at the zoo.

Shut-up and start acting cute so they'll throw us some food!



ORIENTATION MAP*

*NEVER GET LOST AGAIN!



YOU ARE HERE!**

**DOES NOT APPLY TO ASTRONAUTS OR ALIENS!

GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS



EDDIE (BOOM-BOOM) RODRIGUEZ
RIDES HIS 500TH WINNER
WITH NO LOSSES